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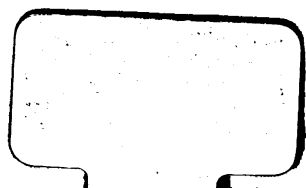
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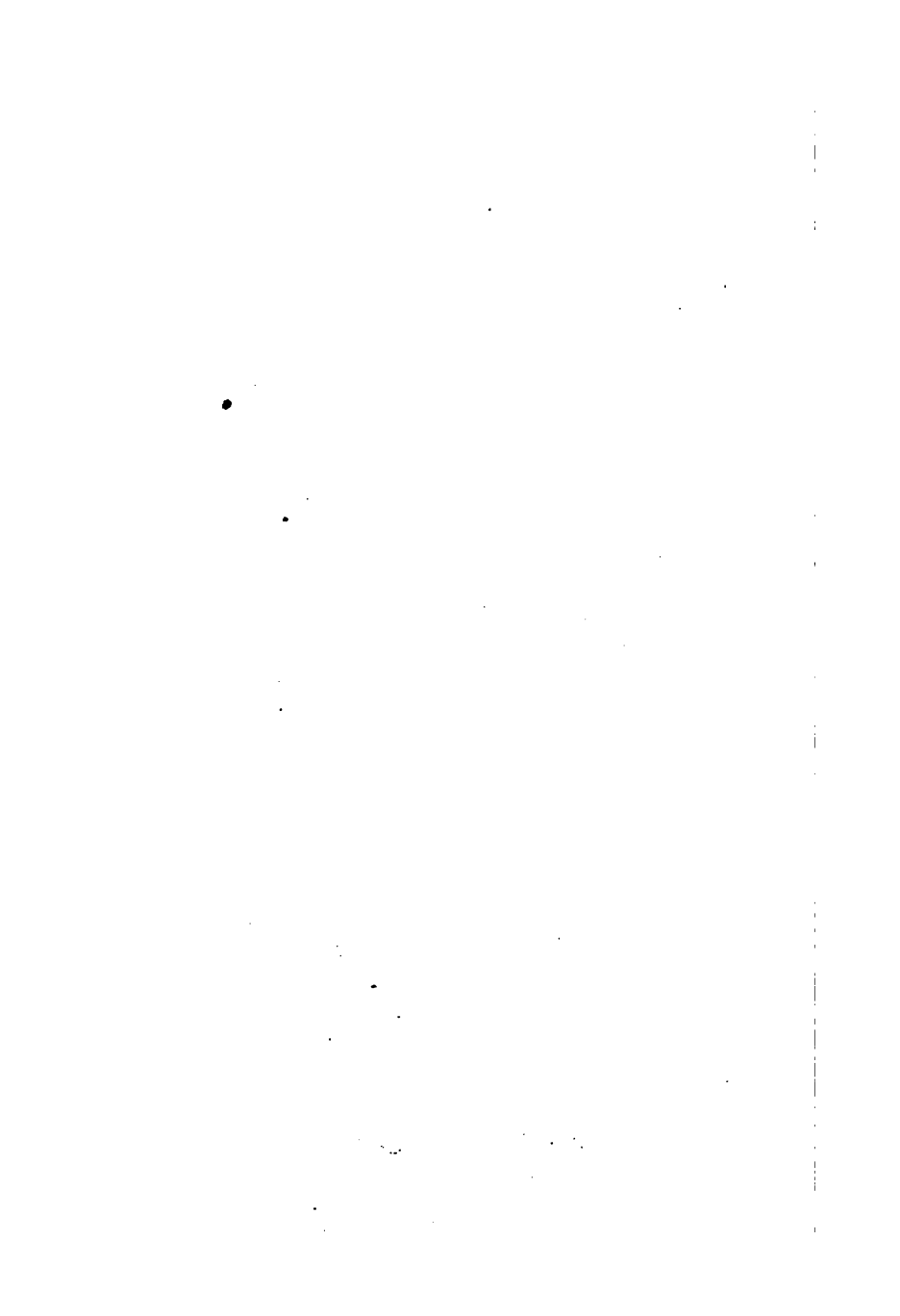
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# SACRED MUSINGS,

BY THE

REV. JOHN RAVEN, B.A..

RECTOR OF MUNDFORD, NONFOLK.

EDITED BY THE

REV. JOHN L. F. RUSSELL, M.A.,

DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD KEANE, AND  
LATE CURATE OF GREAT AND LITTLE EVERSDEN, CAMBS.

---

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne; and no man  
could learn that song but the redeemed from the earth."—Rev. xiv. 3.

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LONDON:

WEERTHEIM, MACINTOSH AND HUNT, PATERNOSTER ROW.  
CAMBRIDGE: J. NEAL, 4, MARKET STREET.

M.DCCC.LXI.

*100. c. 83.*



TO  
THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE,  
IN TESTIMONY OF HIGH ESTEEM  
FOR HER  
CHRISTIAN CHARACTER,  
THE ACCOMPANYING COLLECTION OF  
SACRED POEMS,  
IS DEDICATED  
BY HER LADYSHIP'S OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,  
THE EDITOR.







## PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

---

THE manuscripts of the following Poems were placed in the Editor's hands for publication, and he has selected from their number such as seemed to him the most impressive: they have been composed through a number of years; and in the midst of deep and trying affliction, have been a source of much solace to the author; they were originally written without expectation of meeting the public eye, and may be regarded as testimonies to a series of religious experiences.

As there is something in poetry which harmonises with the best feelings of our nature, these Poems are now offered to the public in the hope that they may find in the bosom of many a christian a chord responsive to their spiritual harmony, and calculated to bring home the truth and comfort of God's own word to the hearts of his people, whether in health or in sickness, in sorrow or in joy.

The union of devotional simplicity and poetical beauty is strikingly combined, and pervades the entire selection, so that the christian reader may experience something of the spirit of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, when he said, "thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

Should the perusal of these sacred Poems convey at any time a feeling in unison with the tones of spiritual sorrow, or an echo within the soul to the voice of holy joy, and thus be made the means, under God's blessing, of raising the heart in prayer and praise to Jesus, and of leading to a deeper sense of that love, that blessedness, which so frequently breaks forth in strains of gladness through the Poems, to *Him* be the glory, who once made mere clay the instrument of his wondrous power "in opening the eyes of the blind," and to whom it is at all times an easy and light matter to "command that these stones be made bread."

JOHN L. F. RUSSELL.

39 NEW SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE.

*April*, 1861.

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## SACRED MUSINGS.

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### THOUGHTS ON THE OMNIPRESENCE OF JEHOVAH.

Eternal Three ! in essence one,  
O God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost ;  
The one Jehovah just and wise,  
Creator Great of earth and skies,  
And all the heavenly Host.

In thee we live, in thee we move,  
Thine omnipresence here we prove,  
Thou art for ever near ;  
In dungeon deep where sun ne'er shone,  
The captive never sighs alone,  
For thou, O God, art there.

In palace high, where diamonds blaze,  
The monarch dwells beneath thy gaze ;  
And in the chamber mean,  
Where the pale widow sighs and weeps,  
Thou God art nigh, thine eye ne'er sleeps,  
The widow's tears are seen.

From scenes of blood and riot rude,  
Men would thy presence fain exclude,  
Yet, God, thou seest all !  
The oath profane, and drunkard's toast,  
And the proud rebel's daring boast—  
Upon thine ear they fall !

O holy and eternal God,  
Soon would all flesh beneath thy rod,  
Fade and return to dust ;  
Soon would all souls beneath thine ire,  
Be doom'd in everlasting fire,  
To feel that thou art just.

Were not the Son to intercede,  
And his atoning blood to plead,  
Before the throne above ;  
Where in our nature he appears,  
And claims from this our vale of tears,  
The objects of his love.

Oh, may the thought that thou art near,  
Each act to see, each word to hear,  
And all my heart to scan,  
Be present while in health I live,  
Be present when to death I give  
The mortal part of man.

In health the thought may oft restrain  
Some base desire or temper vain ;  
And in the hour of death,  
May solace bring, and strip the tomb  
Of all its terrors and its gloom,  
And warm my latest breath.

---

## II.

"JESUS CHRIST THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY,  
AND FOR EVER." Hebrews xiii. 8.

When, alas, the spirits languish,  
Vexed by unrelenting ill,  
Oft the soul, amidst its anguish,  
Asks if Jesus loves it still.

Yes ! amidst these clouds of sorrow,  
Where no rays of comfort shine,  
He, the same to-day, to-morrow,  
Captive mourner, still is thine.

Why then in this vale of sadness  
Sinks thy feeble heart so low,  
Since such streams of health and gladness,  
From the wounds of Jesus flow.

---



Do corroding cares oppress thee ?  
On his bosom let them fall ;  
Do tormenting pains distress thee ?  
Jesus has a balm for all.

Though unnumber'd ills annoy thee,  
For thy good each woe is meant ;  
'Tis to humble, not destroy thee,  
That the chastening rod is sent.

Hear its voice and ponder o'er it,  
Ask thy heart what idol's there,  
Cast it thence, no more adore it,  
Jesus will no rival bear.

---

### III.

#### A PRAYER TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Eternal Spirit ! Holy One !  
Both with the Father and the Son !  
Creator, God, and Lord :  
In glory, majesty, and love,  
Created thought far, far above,  
Be thou on earth ador'd.

Great Comforter and Teacher thou,  
Before thee I adoring bow,  
Thy Godhead I confess ;  
Thy person and thine office here,  
To me amidst my gloom, are dear,  
In this dark wilderness.

Without thine unction none can see  
The glory of th' eternal Three,  
In mercy's wondrous plan ;  
Without thine unction none behold  
Treasures more precious far than gold,  
In Christ, both God and man.

Praises and pray'rs the lips may say,  
But none aright can praise or pray,  
Save those whom thou hast taught ;  
The Son above must intercede,  
And thou within the heart must plead,  
Or pray'r and praise are naught.

The word thou must with pow'r invest,  
Or it can never reach the breast,  
To move with love or fear ;  
A quick'ning word it ne'er can be,  
To rouse from false security,  
Unless thou, Lord, be there.

The soothing balm thou must apply,  
The wounds to heal, the tears to dry,  
Of God's poor contrite ones ;  
The love of Christ thou must reveal,  
And give these wounded ones to feel  
They are Jehovah's sons.

A meetness thou must here impart,  
A meetness to each ransom'd heart,  
To dwell in bliss above ;  
Sin, cursed sin, each soul must hate,  
Who now aspires to that high state,  
Where all is peace and love.

Since weeks and months so swiftly flee,  
Each day, each hour, vouchsafe to be,  
My Comforter divine ;  
Take of the things of Christ, and show  
That all that mercy can bestow,  
Will be for ever mine.

Blessed and holy Paraclete !  
Oft lead me to the mercy seat,  
And teach me there to pray ;  
Plead mightily my heart within,  
Against the prevalence of sin,  
While here on earth I stay.

And when my soul from earth is fled,  
And this frail dust lies with the dead,  
Then, with the heav'nly host,  
I'll praise th' eternal Three in One,  
The holy Father, holy Son,  
And Thee, the Holy Ghost.

---

## IV.

## THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

Ah! may a sinner poor and vile,  
Hope to enjoy Jehovah's smile,  
Eternally above!  
In glory's never-ending blaze,  
Ah! may he hope to live and gaze,  
To wonder and to love!

Tell me, ye Angels, is it true,  
That men in realms of bliss with you  
Behold Jehovah's face?  
Ah! is it true, that they are found  
So nigh his throne, with you to sound  
The praises of his grace?

Methinks I hear the bright array  
Of seraphim in glory, say,  
Behold, behold the Lamb !  
Poor sinners hope that home to gain,  
To purchase which the Lamb was slain,  
Behold, behold the Lamb !

Methinks I hear, from harps of gold,  
Prophets and Priests and Kings of old  
The same brief answer give ;  
Behold, behold, behold the Lamb ;  
Behold in Him, the great I AM,  
Behold, behold, and live !

Ah, say ye so, ye saints so bright ?  
And you, ye seraphim of light,  
Who ne'er from virtue fell ;  
Say ye, that sinners vile and poor,  
May live, and wonder, and adore,  
Where ye in glory dwell ?

Behold the Lamb ! ye answer make ;  
That answer to my soul I take,  
My daily theme to be ;  
O Lamb of God ! my thoughts employ,  
Be here my lesson and my joy,  
Throughout Eternity !

To heav'n thou art the way alone,  
And now upon thy rightful throne,  
I see thee, God and man ;  
In person one, in substance twain,  
The mighty God, the Lamb once slain,  
This wonder, who can scan.

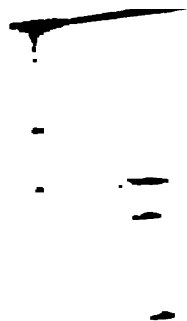
Wonder of wonders ! Sinners' friend !  
Lo, at thy footstool now I bend,  
Longing thy smile to see ;  
Wonder of wonders ! full of love,  
Oh raise my heart its grief above,  
And make thy servant free.



## V.

## THE SOLEMN DAY.

There is a day approaching fast,  
Fraught with realities so vast,  
With weal or woe so long ;  
That though the scoffer deems it nought,  
That day demands my solemn thought,  
That day now claims my song !



ceptics, now from error free,  
Majesty of justice see,  
Christ's white throne above ;  
Saints behold in Jesu's face  
The of mercy and of grace,  
The majesty of love !

ding and pale, the slaves of sin  
And hide themselves the earth within,  
And there such refuge be ;  
No hiding place is found,  
Sink in darkness most profound,  
Depth, Eternity !

Oh ! my muse would fain impart  
A warning to thy heart,  
Ere she quits her theme ;  
Not for heav'n, if sin and thou  
And in base alliance now,  
Thy hope would be a dream.

Jesus spake to one of old,  
Needs a thousand times be told,  
Nought 'tis told in vain ;  
For, be thine old age or youth,  
Hearken to this solemn truth—  
"Ye must be born again."



By God's own standard try thy state,  
Examine, ere it be too late,  
    If this new birth be thine ;  
Hast thou to Christ for refuge fled,  
And is he now thy living head,  
    Thy God, thy friend divine ?

Is he thy Prophet, Priest, and King,  
To whom thou dost glad homage bring,  
    In life, as well as lip ?  
Hast thou the life of faith begun,  
And with the Father and the Son  
    Hast thou true fellowship ?

If heart and life can answer, Yes,  
Then Jesus blesses, and will bless,  
    In weal or woe thy soul ;  
Will hush the tempest when too loud,  
Will check the tempter when too proud,  
    And all thy foes control.

And so direct, that in that day  
When sin and sorrow pass away,  
    And thou shalt dwell above ;  
The present and the past will tell,  
That Jesus hath done all things well,  
    In wisdom and in love.

## VI.

## THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

How sweet it is to have a friend  
Our joys and griefs to share,  
Who will both aid and counsel lend,  
And make our wants his care.

Who in life's storms is always near  
To soothe with gentle voice,  
Who will the tale of sorrow hear,  
Or in our joys rejoice.

Who when fierce foes our peace invade,  
Or age impairs our pow'rs,  
Is nigh, with counsel and with aid,  
And all his strength is ours.

Who when we reach our dying bed  
Will be of friends the best,  
Will guard our souls when life is fled  
And be our final rest.

---

Reader ! one question I propose,  
With earnestness attend,  
I ask not who are now thy foes,  
I ask, have you this friend ?

Whether a prince upon your throne,  
Or peasant in your cot ;  
Without this friend you are alone,  
And friendless is your lot.

Ask you his name, and where he dwells,  
Or what his rank and fame ?  
I answer, all creation tells,  
All worlds his praise proclaim.

He dwells on earth with contrite ones,  
He reigns in heav'n above,  
Array'd in light more bright than suns,  
And his best name is *Love*.

Would you this bright perfection trace,  
And read this name divine,  
Behold it then in Jesus' face,  
In all its brightness shine.

Of lovely ones, most lovely He,  
Of friends, he is the chief ;  
He sets the captive exile free,  
And brings the poor relief.

---

When bankrupt and in chains man lay,  
Angels no help could give,  
But Jesus came the debt to pay,  
And died that man might live.

Then hail, thou Friend ! whose love procures  
Eternal bliss above.  
Man's friendship wanes, but thine endures,  
Because thy name is *Love*.

---

## VII.

### THE BRIGHT WORLD.

There is a world above the skies,  
Where saints in glory dwell,  
A world which ev'ry want supplies,  
A world where tears ne'er fell.

To that bright world each saint will go,  
From Christ no more to roam ;  
In that bright world, secure from woe,  
Each saint will have a home.

---

Envy and pride, remorse and fear,  
No entrance there can find ;  
Sickness and death intrude not there,  
They both, are left behind.

In that bright world there is no night,  
Gloom is for ever fled ;  
The sun which makes that world so bright,  
Is Christ, himself its head !

Holy and happy, yet serene,  
From perturbation free ;  
In that bright world, each saint is seen,  
Where saints with saints agree.

Sweet fellowship ! begun below,  
With kindred hearts and pure ;  
In that bright world no change shall know,  
Where holy ties endure.

Children and sires, and mothers dear,  
In that bright world will dwell,  
No more to shed a parting tear,  
No more to say, farewell.

Nor lives revenge, nor wrath nor guile,  
In that bright world above,  
Each soul beneath Jehovah's smile,  
Is radiant with love.

No tempter there with gilded bait  
Allures the soul to sin,  
Nor dares intrude with deadly hate,  
So bright a world within.

The Centre where these saints unite,  
The source whence blessings flow,  
The sun that makes their souls so bright,  
The Lord, they live to know,

Is Jesus, Lord of earth and skies,  
He died and rose again ;  
Pale death beneath his sceptre lies,  
And will at last be slain.

Ye proud ones, who from truth now stray,  
Yet fain to heav'n would go ;  
To that bright world Christ is the way,  
All others lead to woe.

Ye helpless sinners, at his feet  
In supplication bend ;  
His arm is strong, his voice is sweet,  
He is the sinner's friend.

And you, ye saints, who know the Lord,  
Though rough your passage be,  
Your future home will rest afford  
Throughout Eternity !

The Lord, whose love your rest secures  
Beyond the reach of ill,  
Will, while Eternity endures,  
Your souls with glory fill.

With such a home as heav'n in view,  
And with a Lord so kind ;  
Impatience and complaint eschew,  
Though here, no rest you find.

The wormwood and the gall you taste,  
A loving hand may give ;  
And while the earthly house may waste,  
The soul in health may live.

Each heavy sigh, or secret tear,  
Beneath a chast'ning rod ;  
Will make the rest of heav'n more dear,  
And more endear your God.

Christ's loving smile will meet your gaze,  
When life's short race is run,  
And fill your souls with glory's blaze,  
More bright than brightest sun.

One hour in heav'n beneath his smile,  
Will then suffice to prove,  
'Twas good to suffer here awhile  
The discipline of love.

## VIII.

## PRAYER.

Behold, O Lord, I cry to thee,  
Like Bartimeus blind,  
Longing thine own sweet smile to see,  
Thine own strong arm to find.

Leprous, O Lord, I seek that cure,  
Which thou alone canst give,  
That while infirmities endure,  
My soul in health may live.

Naked, O Lord, I ask that dress,  
Which all thy chosen wear,  
Thine own unspotted righteousness,  
To God and saints so dear !

Mournful, O Lord, and faint and poor,  
Both wine and meat I need,  
Supply my wants from mercy's store.  
And make me rich indeed.



Prone are my steps, O Lord, to stray,  
Vouchsafe to be my guide ;  
And lest I miss life's narrow way,  
Oh keep me near thy side.

My frequent sorrows, Lord, to soothe,  
Thy presence now I crave,  
Smile, gracious Lord, and thus make smooth  
My passage to the grave.

And when beyond the reach of ill, { }  
I join the ransom'd throng,  
Thy presence, Lord, my soul shall fill,  
Thy grace shall be my song.

Without cessation or alloy,  
Most perfect and most pure,  
Then, O my soul, will be thy joy,  
From ev'ry change secure.

Old ocean's waves may cease to roll,  
The sun may give no light,  
The starry host from pole to pole,  
May sleep in endless night.

But the deep ocean of thy love,  
O God, shall ever flow ;  
And the bright sun of bliss above,  
No dark eclipse can know.

## IX.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE VICTORY OF SOLFERINO,  
JUNE 1859.

Sword of slaughter! hearts too many  
Have already ceas'd to beat;  
Of thy masters are not any  
Weary of the battle's heat?

Crimson streams still fast are flowing  
From ten thousand hearts once gay;  
Souls unnumber'd, now are knowing,  
Weal or woe, from earth away.

Manly hearts with grief are heaving,  
Whose firm nature nought could move,  
Save the moving thought of leaving  
Wives and children whom they love.

Sword of slaughter! I would see thee  
In thy scabbard now repose;  
Had I power, I would free thee  
From the grasp of friends and foes.

Pray oh, pray each son and daughter  
Of Jehovah, God of Peace ;  
That the cruel work of slaughter,  
May ere long for ever cease.

When ye tread the field of battle  
Where so many thousands lie ;  
Men, alas, like herds of cattle,  
At your bidding led to die ;

When ye view those ghastly faces,  
Which were wont a smile to wear ;  
Bearing now the saddest traces  
Of deep anguish and despair.

When ye hear the mournful story  
Of ten thousand hearts bereav'd,  
Kings and captains, can ye glory  
In the triumph, thus achiev'd ?

---

## X.

## HYMN.

Jesus, prince of life and glory !  
King of Kings, and Lord of Lords ;  
Theme of all prophetic story,  
Brightest gem that heav'n affords.

Fountain of celestial pleasures,  
Source of all created good ;  
Fulness of eternal treasures,  
Rock on which thy church has stood.

Stood, though Satan has assail'd her  
With his fierce, malignant band ;  
Stood, though human help has fail'd her,  
Stood, and shall for ever stand.

Hail Emmanuel ! holy Jesus !  
Thou, our sole prevailing plea,  
Why stern justice should not seize us,  
Why the debtor should go free.

Medium of communication  
Twixt Jehovah and our race ;  
Ransomer of God's creation,  
Full of mercy, truth, and grace.

Object of all adoration,  
Which from saint or angel flows ;  
Name supreme of admiration,  
Which the brightest seraph knows.

God enthron'd in state supernal,  
Yet a man of nature mild ;  
Sire of heav'n and earth, eternal !  
Yet a lowly virgin's child !

Lo ! on earth we bow before thee,  
Asking but to share thy love ;  
That we may at last adore thee,  
With thy ransom'd saints above.

Oh cast us not away in ire,  
Though so wretched, poor, and vile ;  
Nor permit us to retire,  
Till dismiss'd with mercy's smile.

## XI.

LORD, WHAT IS MAN, THAT THOU ART MINDFUL  
OF HIM ?

Psalm viii. verse 4th.

Lord, what is man, that he should share  
By day and night thy watchful care,  
From infancy to age ?

Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst be  
So mindful of his misery,  
Through life's rough pilgrimage ?

It is not, Lord, that man is good,  
And hath not in his heart withstood  
Thy high and holy will ;  
It is not, Lord, that man is wise,  
For wisdom's sons thy favor prize  
And thy behests fulfil.

Angels who ne'er from virtue fell,  
Around thy throne in glory dwell,  
Happy and wise are they ;  
Wise from thy precepts ne'er to swerve,  
Happy so nigh thy throne to serve,  
They love thee and obey.

Man is but dust, a feeble thing,  
On which stern death inflicts his sting,  
Then dust returns to dust.  
Man is a sinner, poor and vile,  
Vindictive, proud and full of guile,  
Unmerciful, unjust.

Man is a hater of his God,  
Deaf to his mercy and his rod,  
Deaf to the Gospel sound ;  
Blind are his eyes to Sinai's flame,  
Deaf are his ears to Jesu's name,  
From which true peace is found.

That such is man, both young and old,  
Now daily tell, and all have told  
Since Eve the tempter knew ;  
Man's portrait God himself portrays,  
And man, proud man, in all his ways,  
Confesses it is true.

By nature such is fallen man,  
And yet the great Jehovah can  
From his bright glory bow ;  
To cleanse him from his guilty stains,  
And save him from eternal pains,  
O God, how good art thou !

Lord, what is man ? renew'd by grace  
With sighs and tears he seeks thy face,  
A penitent sincere ;  
He hates the ways once lov'd so well,  
And grieves that sin should in him dwell,  
And deems thy precepts dear.

Lord what is man ? when born anew,  
His soul doth bear thine image true,  
Sure mark of Jesu's bride ;  
His treasure bright, for glory made,  
For which so rich a price was paid,  
When he the bride-groom died.

Lord, what is man ? behold the Son,  
The Father's co-eternal One,  
On his bright throne above !  
His presence in our nature there,  
Doth tell that man to God is dear,  
Doth tell that God is Love.

---



## XII.

## FUNERAL VERSES.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"  
Earth ! to thy keeping we entrust  
The body of our friend ;  
That which was comely once, and gay,  
Smitten by death, must now decay,  
Until Death's reign shall end.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"  
But the bright spirit with the just  
We trust in glory lives.  
Lives with that God whose name is *Love*,  
Lives and enjoys with saints above  
That rest which Jesus gives.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"  
Strong as thou art, O grave, thou must  
Thy charge at last resign ;  
When Christ who died and rose again,  
Shall slay stern Death, and Satan chain,  
And all his hosts confine.

Then will this dust immortal rise,  
Meet for its mansion in the skies,  
Meet for a spirit pure ;  
Free'd from the leprosy of sin,  
Which dwelt so long the flesh within,  
Which nought but death could cure.

“ Ashes to ashes, dust to dust !”  
Words solemn and which ought to thrust  
Pride from all hearts below ;  
Words which should make the thoughtless think,  
Who stand, O grave, upon thy brink,  
And yet no Saviour know.

“ Ashes to ashes, dust to dust !”  
Sister farewell, to meet we trust  
Where saints in glory dwell ;  
To meet where tears can never fall,  
To meet where God is all in all,  
With this bright hope, farewell !

---

## LXXII.

## "The SONGS."

"The SONGS, that are the best,  
 The SONGS, that are the best,  
 The SONGS, that are the best,  
 The SONGS, that are the best,  
 The SONGS, that are the best,  
 The SONGS, that are the best."

"The SONGS, that are the best,  
 The SONGS, that are the best,  
 The SONGS, that are the best,  
 The SONGS, that are the best,  
 The SONGS, that are the best,  
 The SONGS, that are the best."

"The SONGS, that are the best,  
 The SONGS, that are the best,  
 The SONGS, that are the best,  
 The SONGS, that are the best,  
 The SONGS, that are the best,  
 The SONGS, that are the best."

Then will this dust immortal rise,  
Meet for its mansion in the skies,  
Meet for a spirit pure ;  
Free'd from the leprosy of sin,  
Which dwelt so long the flesh within,  
Which nought but death could cure.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust !"  
Words solemn and which ought to thrust  
Pride from all hearts below ;  
Words which should make the thoughtless think,  
Who stand, O grave, upon thy brink,  
And yet no Saviour know.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust !"  
Sister farewell, to meet we trust  
Where saints in glory dwell ;  
To meet where tears can never fall,  
To meet where God is all in all,  
With this bright hope, farewell !

## XIII.

## AN EXHORTATION.

While false teachers fain would please us,  
Or perplex us with their strife,  
Let us closely cleave to Jesus  
As the way, the truth, and life.

While these learned scribes are earning  
For their names ignoble fame,  
Let our souls be ever learning  
To exalt the Saviour's name.

To be found, like Mary, sitting  
Lowly at the Master's feet,  
Is a posture most befitting  
Those who are for teachers meet.

With the wings of reason soaring,  
Some the word of God deride,  
But let us be found adoring  
Jesus and Him crucified.

While poor souls can never perish  
Whose foundation is the Rock,  
Hopes of heav'n they vainly cherish  
Who at God's salvation mock.

Some for merit fondly pleading,  
Still will Christ *their Saviour* call,  
But God's little flock are needing  
Christ himself, as All in All.

Never, never let us mingle  
Creature merit with God's grace ;  
Let our eye be ever single  
And its object Jesu's face.

On that face the pilgrim weary  
Sees the smile of friend the best,  
And in desert land and dreary  
Sighs beneath that smile to rest.

In that face the contrite sinner  
Sees Jehovah's wondrous love,  
Runs the race of faith, and winner,  
Wears at last a crown above.

On that face the saint when dying  
Gazes with supreme delight ;  
And while kindred hearts are sighing,  
Smiles beneath its smile so bright.

Death's swift step will soon o'ertake us,  
And when friends no help can give,  
Jesus Christ will ne'er forsake us,  
But when dead will bid us live.

Let us then glad homage render  
Where our homage is so due,  
To our Priest so kind and tender,  
To our King so just and true.

Let our loving Friend and Brother,  
Who on earth the Cross did bear,  
Wear that crown which sure no other  
Than Himself has right to wear.

Let us each, in ev'ry station,  
Tell the Lamb upon his throne,  
Nought I know for my salvation,  
Save, dear Lord, *thyself* alone.



## XIV.

## GARDEN THOUGHTS.

Oh, how I love your notes to hear,  
Sweet songsters of the spring ;  
Bright thoughts my mournful heart to cheer,  
Your tuneful warblings bring.

As in my garden now I walk,  
In this sweet morn of May,  
To my poor heart ye seem to talk,  
And sing its gloom away.

In early morn your notes commence  
When sluggards sleep and dream,  
Your songs are songs of innocence,  
And fraught with praise they seem.

To listen to your melody  
Oft I have musing stood,  
And felt that nature's ministry  
Proclaims that God is good.





## XV.

TO REGINALD.

Aunt Alice tells me it is time  
Once more to celebrate in rhyme  
    The birth-day of her pet ;  
So Reginald, I take my quill,  
An easy duty to fulfil,  
    And pay a poet's debt.

Time bears thee in its course along,  
And thou art lovely, gay, and strong,  
    A boy of two years old ;  
Ten thousand boys with thee were born,  
And hundreds from their mothers torn,  
    Lie in the church-yard cold.

And hundreds of their friends bereft,  
In hunger and in cold are left,  
    And fast their tears now flow ;  
No tender mother near their side,  
No father's hand their steps to guide,  
    No grandmama they know.

No gentle aunt with smiling face  
To take them in her fond embrace,  
Or teach them how to play ;  
No loving lips a kiss to press,  
No soft white hand with tenderness,  
To wipe their tears away.

Their lot, sweet Reggie, is not thine,  
But favour'd by a Friend divine,  
Who reigns in Heaven above ;  
Thy weal is oft an old man's prayer,  
Thou hast a tender father's care,  
A gentle mother's love.

Sweet Reginald, may future years,  
Find thee a stranger still to tears,  
Save those which soon are dried ;  
May parents kind long live to see  
Their son from vice and sorrow free,  
With all his wants supplied.

And when that Lord who came to save,  
Again shall come and bid the grave  
Her prisoners resign ;  
May his sweet voice then bid thee live,  
And all Jehovah's love can give,  
Dear Reginald, be thine.

## XVI.

## THOUGHTS ON THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

Deserted were those courts above,  
Where seraphs wrapt in holy love,  
Adore th' Eternal Three ;  
With speed more swift than flies the light,  
To earth had sped those angels bright,  
A new-born king to see.

Bright, yet unseen by mortal ken,  
They mingled with the sons of men,  
And saw that prince most high ;  
No courtier bending near his side,  
No symbol there of eastern pride,  
No crown nor sceptre nigh.

But in a stable dark and mean,  
And in a manger there, was seen  
That weak, yet mighty Lord !  
There cherish'd by his mother's breast,  
They saw the great Messiah rest,  
They wonder'd and ador'd.

Mute with devotion and amaze,  
Long did they linger there to gaze  
On that calm lovely face ;  
And as they gaz'd, each silent thought,  
New homage to that infant brought,  
New proofs of love and grace.

For there they saw Love's wondrous plan  
To honour God and ransom man,  
They saw the promis'd seed ;  
They saw a child to sorrow born,  
Born to endure reproach and scorn,  
And then at last to bleed.

They knew this Lamb, his life laid down  
Would conquer death and wear a crown,  
And reign o'er earth and skies ;  
And ransom'd man would with him dwell,  
And bid to sin and death farewell,  
Farewell to tears and sighs.

In substance twain, in person one,  
They saw their God in Mary's son ;  
And what a sight was this !  
No marvel if a seraph's mind  
Should linger there, and there should find,  
Accessions to its bliss.

---

Ye angels ! oft in thought I see  
In Bethlehem and Gethsemane,  
And on the cross your king ;  
Like you I marvel, and like you  
To him so lovely and so true,  
My heart's glad homage bring.

Here oft in sorrow, oft I long  
To join that bright celestial throng,  
Who see Emmanuel's face ;  
And in those realms of bliss above,  
To sing of Jesus and his love,  
His mercy and his grace.

---

## XVII.

### THE PATIENT SUFFERER.

Insulted ! yet from anger free,  
Amidst a scoffing band,  
At Pilate's bar methinks I see  
The holy Jesus stand.

His weakness great, his strength extreme,  
A man by man abhor'd,  
Of heav'n and earth the head supreme,  
By seraphim ador'd.

His spotless soul and nature high  
    Could nought but envy move ;  
The judge condemns the just to die,  
    And all who hear approve.

Rude soldiers strip his raiment off,  
    And wound his back with thongs ;  
And while he bleeds they jest and scoff,  
    And shout their brutal songs.

The purple robe, the crown, and reed,  
    Methinks I see them bring,  
And while his wounds with anguish bleed,  
    They hail him, Judah's King.

The cruel thorns his temples pierce,  
    His pain fresh mirth affords,  
And man, than savage beast more fierce,  
    Insults the Lord of Lords.

Amidst these insults he serene,  
    No sign of wrath betrays ;  
Love marks his features, love his mien,  
    And love directs his ways.

Ah ! had he frown'd, that frown had hurl'd  
    To hell's dark depths his foes ;  
Ah ! had he frown'd, a rebel world  
    Had sunk beneath its woes.

O holy Jesus ! may thy grace  
Pervade my heart below ;  
Then shall I see in heav'n that face  
Which here such shame did know.

On that fair face my wond'ring gaze,  
Eternally shall dwell,  
My harp of gold shall sound thy praise  
And of thy mercy tell.

Angels shall gather round my song  
The wond'rous theme to hear,  
And aid my notes of praise along  
To heav'n's remotest sphere.

For I will tell of love divine,  
And grace that stoop'd so low,  
To make our dying nature thine,  
And endless life bestow.

My ransom'd soul, for ever free,  
Shall all her pow'rs employ,  
And Thou of ev'ry thought shalt be  
The fulness and the joy.

---

## XVIII.

## ETERNITY.

Eternity ! ah can it be  
That thou art in reserve for me  
    When Time his course has run ?  
Ah ! can it be that I shall live  
When yon bright stars no light shall give,  
    And age makes dim the sun ?

Methinks I hear proud scoffers say,  
With such weak thoughts, away, away,  
    We laugh them all to scorn ;  
Man is but earth, like brutes he dies,  
From death's deep sleep no more to rise,  
    To perish he is born.

To perish like the stolid ass,  
Which bears our blows and eats our grass,  
    The lot of rich and poor ;  
Death the whole man annihilates,  
No more he loves, no more he hates,  
    He feels, he thinks no more.



Man has no soul. Of heav'n and hell,  
Let priests and knaves delight to tell,  
Philosophy disdains  
To cheat the honest and the brave,  
With thoughts of life beyond the grave,  
Replete with joys or pains.

Ah ! say ye so, ye scoffers proud ?  
Retire, I pray, from folly's crowd,  
And on your bended knees  
Ask the great God in whom you live,  
Your heart's dark madness to forgive,  
Ere Death his prey shall seize.

For ye have souls which soon will know,  
In heav'n above or hell below,  
Vast and eternal things ;  
Souls, which will soar above the skies,  
Or feel the worm that never dies,  
The sting that ever stings.

Eternity ! for ever new,  
Yet old, ere Eden's flowers grew,  
Thine import let me see ;  
The things of time will lose their pow'r,  
When I can feel that each short hour,  
Brings me more nigh to thee.

Eternity ! in thy embrace  
My soul ere long may live to trace  
    Deep mysteries above ;  
In that bright world where tears ne'er fell,  
My soul eternally may dwell,  
    Eternally may love !

Eternity ! if this be so !  
How should thy name assuage the woe,  
    My portion here to feel ;  
How should thy name new strength inspire,  
And warm my soul with holy fire,  
    And stimulate my zeal !

Alas ! alas ! too oft I live,  
As if my God had nought to give,  
    Beyond the dreary tomb ;  
An host of foes invade my breast,  
And rob my weary soul of rest,  
    And spread o'er life a gloom.

Arise, arise with warmth divine,  
O Sun of Righteousness, and shine  
    On me so weak and vile ;  
Bid earth awhile its pow'r suspend,  
And let my thoughts to heav'n ascend,  
    Beneath thy loving smile.

---

Eternity ! beneath thy ray  
Will be but one bright holy day  
    Without one storm or cloud ;  
Eternity ! without thy light  
Will be but one dark dismal night  
    In which all woes will crowd.

---

## XIX.

## JEHOVAH SEEN IN NATURE.

I look on earth and there I see,  
In lowly plant and stately tree,  
    And fragrant garden flower ;  
In busy insect on the wing,  
In the swift horse and creeping thing,  
    The great Jehovah's pow'r.

On verdant fields I love to gaze,  
Where flocks and herds are wont to graze,  
    And lambs delight to play ;  
In flocks and herds and pastures green,  
The great Jehovah still is seen,  
    His goodness *these* display.

In pensive mood I sometimes rove,  
To hear the songsters of the grove,  
    Their cheerful anthems sing ;  
And in each sound that meets my ear,  
Methinks this note of praise I hear,  
    Jehovah is our King.

When'er I hear the thunder roar,  
The great Jehovah I adore,  
    And in the lightning's fire  
I see his mighty pow'r display'd,  
In fearful majesty array'd,  
    I tremble and admire.

I look on ocean's briny wave,  
Where many a heart has found a grave,  
    On which there fell no tear ;  
And o'er the waters deep and wide  
I see a mighty pow'r preside,  
    I see Jehovah there.

I look above, and there behold,  
A thousand stars more bright than gold,  
    And in each star descry,  
A witness bright of that vast mind,  
Which has to each its course assign'd,  
    To each its destiny.

What splendid wonders meet the eye,  
What dazzling proofs of Deity,  
Whose essence none can scan !  
And when on these bright orbs I think,  
In mine own nothingness I sink,  
And say, *Lord, what is man !*

Then with a sigh my heart replies,  
A rebel 'gainst a God most wise,  
Most holy and most just ;  
A rebel 'gainst that God, whose hand  
Nor men, nor angels can withstand,  
*A rebel of the dust !*

O madness great ! O guilt extreme !  
To fight against the great Supreme,  
Of heav'n and earth the Sire ;  
Before whose bar we all must bend,  
The meek to find in him a friend,  
The proud to feel his ire.

O great Jehovah ! triune Lord,  
In heav'n thou art by all ador'd,  
No sin intrudes above ;  
Each subject there his zeal attests,  
To execute thy high behests,  
And demonstrate his love.

Fain would my heart this fervour feel,  
Fain would my spirit glow with zeal,  
    To know, and do thy will ;  
But here, alas ! this house of clay,  
Pleads for indulgence, and delay,  
    And keeps me slothful still.

Why hear I not the stern decree,  
"This man is but a barren tree,  
    Lay to his roots the axe."  
This promise, Lord, I humbly plead,  
"He shall not break the bruised reed,  
    Nor quench the smoking flax."



## XX.

## CHRISTMAS.

A child was born, of royal birth,  
The rightful heir of heav'n and earth,  
    And Lord of hosts above !  
A son was giv'n, and with him came,  
The great Jehovah's brightest name,  
    And choicest gifts of love !

---

Messiah's come ! and with him brought,  
Those blessings which the Fathers sought  
And Prophets erst foretold ;  
Riches enduring pure and vast,  
Ordain'd beyond all time to last,  
More precious far than gold.

Devoid of state, at Bethlehem's inn,  
The victor great of death and sin,  
In life's first dawn was seen ;  
Although of kings the chief and best,  
No room was found for such a guest,  
Save in a stable mean !

A manger rough where oxen fed,  
Was then the royal infant's bed,  
While near the Virgin mild  
Sat watching lest some stranger rude,  
Should in that lowly place intrude,  
And wake her slumb'ring child.

Ah ! Heaven and earth before that morn  
Had never seen an infant born  
So princely, yet so poor ;  
Great were the sorrows in reserve,  
For him whom earth and ocean serve,  
And seraphim adore.

Ah, Jesus, may I never rest  
 Until thou hast within my breast,  
     An undivided throne ;  
 Until like ransom'd souls above,  
 I love thee with surpassing love,  
     And joy in thee alone.

Did angels leave their native skies,  
 To gaze on thee with mute surprise,  
     In thy first infant days ?  
 Did they behold in thy fair face,  
 The glory of Jehovah's grace,  
     The brightness of his rays ?

And did they then again ascend,  
 To sound thy praises without end,  
     The courts of heav'n along ;  
 And may not I exalt thy name,  
 And celebrate thy matchless fame,  
     In less enduring song ?

Ah ! may thy name for ever be,  
 A name most welcome, Lord, to me,  
     A name with balm replete ;  
 May thy sweet name new hope inspire,  
 That I ere long with golden lyre,  
     Shall worship at thy feet !



And may this holy season find,  
Thy brethren patient, meek and kind,  
Like thee their loving friend ;  
May works of love and faith abound,  
And thou in ev'ry work be found,  
The Alpha and the end !



## XXI.

TO ISABELLA.

Daughter ! methinks I see thee pressing  
Near to thine heart thine infant boy ;  
Daughter ! receive a father's blessing,  
Daughter ! thy kindred wish thee joy.

Daughter ! thou art become a mother,  
New duties and new cares are thine ;  
On God repose, and on no other,  
*Thou* needest now a Friend divine.

Daughter ! may health and peace attend thee,  
Be God thy portion here below ;  
In every want may he befriend thee,  
And on thy babe rich grace bestow.

Amidst thy weakness may he hear thee,  
Pleading sweet Jesu's name for strength ;  
Amidst thy griefs may his smile cheer thee,  
And be thy brightest sun at length.

---

## XXII.

## LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF A NEAR RELATIVE

For us autumnal leaves are falling,  
On us the wintry winds are calling,  
With meaning fraught ;  
And leaves and winds this truth are telling,  
That death will soon invade our dwelling,  
For man is naught.

Naught but a feeble fleeting being,  
Who visions vain awhile is seeing,  
Then is no more !  
A thing that time is fast conveying  
To that lone place where worms are preying,  
On rich and poor.

---

Then, why for flesh so soon decaying,  
Should we such care and cost be paying,

Such tears and sighs !

Our *yesterdays* are gone for ever,  
To-morrow's sun on us may never,  
With light arise.

O death ! with thee I have no quarrel,  
For my poor heart has felt the moral,

Thy visits bring ;

I want to live as always dying,

I want to die as one defying,

O death ! thy sting.

---

## XXIII.

"THEY MADE THEIR HEARTS AS AN ADAMANT  
STONE."

Zechariah vii. 12.

Hard is the rock, whose haughty brow  
Defies the tempest's rage,  
And cold indeed the mountain snow,  
That stands from age to age.

Yet harder *man*, and colder still  
Than rocks and snow thou art ;  
No storms can bend thy stubborn will,  
No sunbeams melt thy heart.

Armed with sad want or wasting pain,  
Or death's relentless ire ;  
Judgment may all thy glories stain,  
And bid thy bliss expire.

Or heav'n's indulgent sun may shine  
And warm thy brows with health,  
Give thee to call proud honours thine,  
And thine the pride of wealth.

Yet mercy's voice and judgment's rod,  
Can ne'er avail alone,  
To turn, proud man, thy thoughts to God,  
And break thy heart of stone.

---

## XXIV.

"MY SOUL CLEAVETH UNTO THE DUST: QUICKEN  
THOU ME ACCORDING TO THY WORD."

Psalm cxix. 25.

O melt the hard and frozen heart  
Beneath the Father's love ;  
And thy renewing grace impart,  
Thou sweet celestial Dove !

The sin-atoning Lamb reveal  
In all his matchless grace :  
'Tis health his cleansing blood to feel,  
'Tis heaven to see his face !

O raise my soul from guilt and sin,  
Afflictions, bonds and earth ;  
And give thy witness, Lord, within,  
To prove my second birth.

Be present, Lord, whene'er my voice,  
In humble prayer I raise ;  
And should I e'er with saints rejoice,  
Be present, Lord, with praise.

Be present, Lord, whene'er I name  
The name of Christ, the Lord ;  
And when glad tidings I proclaim,  
Thy unction then afford.

Be present, Lord, to teach, reprove,  
To wound my heart, or heal ;  
Be present, Lord, my steps to move,  
With holy faith and zeal.

And let thy presence, Lord, subdue  
Impatience, wrath, and pride ;  
And in my soul thy work renew,  
And daily there abide.

And when my course draws near its end,  
Dispel the gloom of death ;  
And thy reviving presence lend,  
To warm my latest breath.

That when my friends are weeping near,  
My mortal wreck to see,  
Ere cold my lips they then may hear,  
That *Christ* is all to me.



## XXV.

## PRAISE TO JESUS.

Jesus ! thy rich transcendent love,  
Brings peace on earth from heaven above ;  
Glory to God, good will to man,  
Are seen in love's most wondrous plan.  
Sweet is thy name ! with wonders fraught,  
Mercy and truth together brought,  
Justice and peace in friendship bound,  
Are heard in that harmonious sound.  
High is thy throne, of grace the seat,  
Where God and man in concord meet ;  
Angels and saints before it fall,  
And own thee as the "*Lord of all.*"  
Bright is thy crown ! it should be such,  
For well we know it cost thee much ;  
Long was the toil, and hard the fight,  
Which gave thee to this crown a right ;  
For thou art he who oft didst weep,  
Pierced in thy soul with sorrows deep,  
That *prince* of life ! that promised *seed* !  
Who conquering death, wast made to bleed,  
And thus unaided and alone  
Did'st spoil the subtle serpent's throne.

Thou art that *stone*, in council laid,  
Before the heavens and earth were made ;  
That *stone* on which, since Adam's fall,  
Thy feeble flock have rested all ;  
"Elect and precious, sure and tried,"  
Foundation safe, and none beside ;  
That *stone* of strength, that *rock* so high,  
To which poor trembling sinners fly ;  
When Jacob's sons in sore distress,  
Were thirsting in the wilderness,  
That *rock* was cleft, and from its side  
Burst forth a sweet refreshing tide ;  
Nor will that stream e'er cease to flow,  
While one poor saint remains below.  
Thou art that *priest* and *sacrifice*,  
Whose incense sweet perfumes the skies ;  
No victim mean of Judah's fold,  
But lamb more precious far than gold ;  
Thyself the offering thou did'st give,  
Thy death the plea why man should live ;  
This cancels sin's stupendous score,  
And justice now demands no more ;  
The Father smiles, and reconcile'd,  
Adopts the rebel for his child.  
Angels amazed such grace to view,  
Now tune their golden harps anew ;  
And join with men their praise to bring  
To Zion's Prophet, Priest, and King.



Thou art that *shepherd* promis'd long,  
Whose watchful eye and hand so strong,  
Do guide by day, by night protect  
Thy little flock, thine own elect ;  
No ravening wolf, no lion bold,  
Can slay one sheep of this thy fold ;  
No hireling false, no robber base,  
Can pluck one lamb from thy embrace,  
Folded within thy faithful arms,  
The weaklings lie secure from harms ;  
While the robust, less prone to fear,  
Are taught thy warning voice to hear ;  
So precious all, so much they cost,  
Thy love forbids them to be lost ;  
Thou art of all creation head,  
The first begotten from the dead ;  
Of all things heir, the Judge of all,  
Before whose bar, both great and small,  
Some glad with hope, some filled with fear,  
Shall at the last assize appear.  
Thou *Lamb* once slain and full of grace,  
Yet Lion strong of Judah's race ;  
Thine intercession once complete,  
Thou wilt ascend thy judgment seat ;  
Thy voice majestic then shall shake,  
Earth's solid basis, and shall wake  
Man's sleeping dust ; the just shall rise  
To endless bliss beyond the skies ;

While the proud haters of thy name,  
Shall sink in sorrow, and in shame.  
Thou art that *one* whose mighty hand  
Created strength can ne'er withstand ;  
Thy fiat gave all nature birth,  
And at thy mandate heaven and earth  
Shall like man's feeble house of clay,  
Be soon dissolved and pass away.  
The whirlwind fierce, the tempest loud,  
And angry ocean's billows proud,  
Which human might can ne'er assuage,  
Do at thy bidding cease to rage :  
And fierce as they, those passions base,  
Which hold in man's hard heart a place,  
Whose tyrant sway will yield to none,  
Save an Almighty power alone ;  
When mercy and the sinner meet,  
Do own thy Godhead and retreat,  
Those spirits once so bright and fair,  
Now fallen and sunk in dark despair ;  
Whose only joy, if joy they know  
Is to afflict thy saints below ;  
Do at thy chiding, quit their prey,  
And hate, and tremble and obey :  
Thou art that source of life and light,  
Whose beams dispel deep mental night ;  
Hearts wrapt in gloom and cold as clay,  
Are cheered and warmed beneath thy ray ;

Or soon, or late, yon rising sun  
Will cease its wonted course to run ;  
The beauteous stars, which deck the skies,  
Shall sink in night no more to rise ;  
But *thou* eternal and divine,  
With beams more bright wilt ever shine,  
Eternity beneath thy ray,  
Will be but one celestial day ;  
One endless morn, no cloud between,  
To intercept the blissful scene :  
Sweet thought to those, who here can prove  
An interest in thy matchless love ;  
Fain would my heart, so vile and poor,  
This always prove, and mourn no more.  
O gracious Lord, this verse I raise,  
Thy great and glorious name to praise ;  
For themes so high, I need to find  
A seraph's voice, and seraph's mind.  
Yet had I these, full well I know,  
My notes would still be far too low ;  
In realms of light, where dwell the blest,  
They praise thee most, who know thee best ;  
But what can men or angels sing,  
Worthy of thee, so great a king ;  
I know but little, yet I know,  
That all my good from thee must flow ;  
My peace on earth, my heaven above,  
Must spring from thy eternal love !

The curse thou bearest on the tree  
From sin's desert must set me free !  
Thy blood my pardon and my dress  
Thine own unspotted righteousness.  
No marvel then, if knowing this,  
I look to thee for all my bliss,  
No marvel if amidst my grief,  
In my heart's wishes thou art chief.  
Accept my praises, hear my prayer,  
And let me in thy mercy share ;  
That when on earth I cease to tell,  
The truths thy children love so well ;  
I may amidst thy ransomed throng,  
In heaven's blest mansions raise my song.

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## XXVI.

## MY BIRTHDAY.

August 21st, 1860.

Of life swift years *three score and two*,  
Grateful, yet sad, I now review,  
O God ! in whom I live ;  
For life with mercies so replete,  
Grateful before thy mercy seat,  
My thanks I humbly give.

Yet sadness o'er my spirit steals,  
While life's long retrospect reveals,  
Sins great, and sorrows keen ;  
Unprofitable here and base,  
Before thy throne I hide my face,  
And cry, *Unclean ! unclean !*

Though rough my path, and dark my way,  
Yet from my heart, O Lord, I say,  
That *thou* art just and true ;  
Light and perfection, Lord, are *thine*,  
Darkness and sin, alas ! are *mine*,  
In all I think and do.

Holy, most holy, Lord, thou art !  
And this beneath affliction's smart,  
I feel and now confess ;  
Holy, most holy, Lord, art thou ;  
Before thy throne bright seraphs bow,  
And own thy holiness.

Though trials frequent, stern and long,  
And sorrows like a tempest strong,  
Have been my lot to bear ;  
I would not, could not, Lord, complain,  
For well I know amidst my pain,  
Thy hand, O Lord, was there,

A righteous hand which does no wrong,  
To punish and to save so strong,  
That hand in all I see ;  
To that strong hand, Lord, let me cleave,  
When death, stern death, shall bid me leave  
Time for eternity.

Weakness and pain suggest the thought,  
That life's rough pilgrimage is brought,  
Its destined bourn well nigh ;  
I crave not life except for those,  
For whom I fear life's future woes,  
For those I heave a sigh.

Father of mercies ! deign to bless  
Richly in this world's wilderness  
All those on earth I love ;  
Bless and accept them in thy Son,  
And give them when life's race is run,  
Eternal life above.

Oh use, oh use me, while I live,  
Thy faithful record, Lord, to give,  
To saints and sinners poor ;  
Then let my soul with angels bright,  
Behold thy face in endless light,  
And wonder and adore !

## XXVII.

LINES COMPOSED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1859.

Fountain of Light ! from whom descends,  
Each blessing we possess,  
My church, my children and my friends,  
Vouchsafe this year to bless.

To me and all thy people give,  
From thy bright throne on high,  
A willing heart for thee to live,  
A willing heart to die.

And deign, O Lord, in this *new year*  
To open wide thy hand ;  
And cause thy goodness to appear,  
In this our sinful land.

Direct our counsels, lest we stray  
In this our time of need  
Bid gentle *peace* retain her sway,  
And *Industry* succeed.

May earth and sea their increase yield,  
To bless our favour'd Isle ;  
And may our *Queen* her sceptre wield,  
Beneath thy loving smile.

Gladly I lift my heart to thee,  
Who pray'r and praise dost hear ;  
To thank thee that I live to see  
The morn of this *new year*.

Although in gloom and sorrow sore,  
Life's rugged path I've trod ;  
In all thy ways I thee adore,  
Thou holy Triune God !

In darkness and in light I see,  
That thou art still the same ;  
Eternally from changes free,  
*Jehovah* is thy name.

Whate'er the trials in reserve,  
While I on earth abide ;  
In mercy, Lord, my heart preserve,  
From stubbornness and pride.

Or toss'd by tempests or at rest,  
All hostile thoughts exclude ;  
Nor let impatience in my breast,  
Amidst its grief intrude.



Teach me to bring my ev'ry care,  
Before thy mercy seat ;  
And let me there in praise and pray'r,  
Thy gracious presence meet.

There may I see in Jesu's face,  
Thy smile my fears to calm ;  
There may I find my hiding place,  
And there in grief my balm.



## XXVIII.

### THE CHURCH.

Ah ! see ye yon bark with the billows contending !  
So stern is the storm and so dark is the sky ;  
O'er her brave little crew, sure death is impending,  
Beneath the dark waves they are destin'd to lie.

On the crest of the wave I see her now riding,  
With the wave she descends one moment from view ;  
Now I see her again ; while calm and confiding,  
By dangers undaunted are pilot and crew.

The storm is now louder, the billows are higher !

The bark makes her way, and each billow but tends  
To quicken her progress, and bring her still nigher  
The haven of safety, the welcome of friends.

Her brave little crew by their pilot befriended,

Now reach their lov'd country, thence never to roam ;  
Their toils and their dangers for ever are ended,  
And bright are the faces that welcome them home.

The church of Jehovah all changes surviving,

On Time's rudest billows uninjur'd will ride ;  
In storms and in tempests her safety deriving,  
From Jesus her founder, her husband and guide.

Ten thousand bright angels her advent awaiting,

Will welcome the bride to her palace above ;  
Where Jesus himself in his grace ne'er abating,  
Will crown her with glory, and rest in his love.



## XXIX.

## THE WIDOW.

In that bright land where seers of old,  
Messiah's mighty acts foretold,  
Proud kings and priests among ;  
In that bright land where David's lyre,  
'Midst scenes which noblest thoughts inspire,  
To holy themes was strung.

In that bright land a mourner dwelt,  
Who woman's keenest grief had felt,  
The grief to see him die,  
Who was the husband of her youth,  
With heart so full of love and truth,  
Her own heart's love so nigh.

Yet God, who is for ever kind,  
Had left to cheer that widow's mind,  
One fond and lovely boy ;  
And while affection's tear would fall,  
The mother of this child would call  
Her staff, her hope, her joy.

Year after year in strength and grace,  
With all his father in his face,  
    She saw her lov'd one grow ;  
His hand her daily wants supplied,  
His manly arm it was her pride  
    To lean on here below.

That widow's face was now serene,  
Or if perchance a cloud were seen,  
    His smile, like summer's ray,  
Which quickly dries the morning dew,  
And chases darksome clouds from view,  
    Would chase her gloom away.

His mother's weal his only care,  
Admir'd by all, a pattern rare,  
    To others' sons he stood ;  
The widow early griefs forgot,  
And mothers envied all her lot  
    Save that of widowhood.

Amidst the sunshine of our joys  
Death oft intrudes, and soon destroys  
    The hopes we fondly rear ;  
Spreads o'er our hearts and homes a gloom,  
Mournful and dreary as the tomb,  
    O'er which we drop the tear.

Methinks I hear the widow say,  
" *My son thou art not well to day.*"  
The mother found it so ;  
Pale death was then her son beside,  
The lov'd one kiss'd her lips and died, /  
Ye mothers tell her woe !

She kisses oft that manly face,  
Which wears a smile in death's embrace,  
Then prays to God most high ;  
" Behold, O God, from thy bright throne,  
My widow'd heart is left alone,  
I ask that I may die !"

She lives and follows his dark bier,  
With friendly hearts who drop a tear,  
Of sympathy most deep ;  
And as they bear the corpse alone,  
Decrepid age and youth so strong,  
All weep to see her weep.

The resting place is now in view,  
Where her last look and last adieu  
The widow thinks to give ;  
When, lo, He comes with heart so kind ;  
Whose mission was the lost to find,  
And bid the dead to live.

In heav'n's eternal glory chief,  
Yet bearing here a load of grief,  
Too great for thought to scan ;  
On mercy's errand from above,  
With heart intent on works of love,  
Behold the *wondrous man* !

Mov'd by a scene of grief so sore,  
He bids the widow weep no more,  
Then thus his mandate gives ;  
“ *To thee young man, I say, arise !*”  
The mourners stand in mute surprise,  
He lives ! he lives ! he lives !

With tender look and gentle hand,  
He whom stern death could not withstand,  
Now leads the risen one  
To that fond heart which late so sad,  
Is now of mothers' hearts most glad,  
And says, “ *Behold thy son !*”

“ *Behold thy son !*” Methinks that voice  
Made heaven's bright denizens rejoice,  
Who, though no grief they know,  
Yet oft on earth with man abide,  
Agents unseen to guard and guide,  
And serve him here below.

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"Behold thy son ! ' My son, my son !  
My lost, but now recovered one,  
On earth again we meet !  
Yes ! 'tis thy living face I see,  
Thine own warm heart so near to me,  
I feel, I feel it beat !

The mother and the son restor'd,  
Fall at the feet of their dear Lord,  
With hearts full fraught with praise ;  
Fill'd with amazement and delight,  
All present at the wondrous sight,  
Their glad *Hosannas* raise.

The tear of grief no longer fell,  
Long did the widow live to tell,  
Messiah's wondrous fame ;  
When flesh and soul were call'd to part  
Messiah's love was in her heart,  
And on her lips, his *name*.

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## XXX.

## INDIA.

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE FAST DAY, OCT. 7th, 1857.

*Holy God!* thou art *light*,  
    'Midst the darkness of night,  
Oft thy dealings with nations involving ;  
    Thy counsels of old,  
    Time is bid to unfold,  
In its progress dark problems resolving.

Nor the sigh, nor the tear,  
Nor the groans which men hear,  
From the hearts' deep recesses proceeding ;  
    In that land now so wild,  
    Where the mother and child  
'Neath the sword of the Hindoo are bleeding.

Nor the souls' bitter grief  
    Which defies all relief,  
When in anger thy face thou art hiding ;  
    Nor woes present, nor past,  
    One dark shadow can cast,  
*Holy God!* on thy brightness abiding.



But alas ! we have sinn'd,  
And our ranks thou hast thinn'd,  
At thy bidding our strong ones are falling ;  
O'er a land once so bright,  
Hang thick clouds of the night,  
Fraught with danger and darkness appalling.

*Holy God ! Triune Lord !*  
Thy rich mercy afford  
To the thousands before thee *now bending ;*  
To the sorrowful sigh,  
And the nation's loud cry,  
Let an answer of peace be descending.

*Holy God ! thou art love :*  
Saints and angels above,  
Not a frown on thy face are beholding ;  
'Tis in heaven love's ray,  
Makes eternal the day,  
And love *there* all grace is unfolding.

*On this sad, solemn day,*  
Lord ! vouchsafe us one ray,  
From thy throne where in light *thou* art dwelling ;  
Scatter far all our gloom,  
Now as dark as the tomb,  
That our harps of thy love may be telling.

Bid the war cry to cease,  
That thy heralds of peace,  
With thy gospel of grace may be speeding ;  
To proclaim in that land,  
Where fierce foemen now stand,  
And a thousand brave hearts are now bleeding.



## XXXI.

## THE SAINT'S WELCOME IN HEAVEN.

Pilgrim poor ! thy toils are over,  
And thy spirit with Jehovah,  
In glory lives !  
Saints departed now surround thee,  
And each friend that now hath found thee,  
True greeting gives.

Welcome, brother, to our pleasure,  
Welcome, welcome to our treasure,  
To Christ, our Lord !  
Sin and death are left behind thee,  
And no foe can henceforth find thee,  
Be Christ ador'd !

Brother ! thou hast oft been weary,  
In the wilderness so dreary,  
    Now left below ;  
*There*, perhaps, long nights of sorrow,  
And a cold and cloudy morrow,  
    Thy lot to know.

*Here* our day is ne'er declining,  
But eternally is shining,  
    Our Lord our Light !  
His sweet voice like music sounding,  
His sweet smile with love abounding,  
    Than suns more bright !

*Here* our pleasure thought exceedin g,  
From our Lord himself proceeding,  
    Can never pall ;  
*Here* no tempter can affright us,  
*Here* no evil can delight us,  
    Our Lord our all !

Brother ! tell if grace thy story,  
That in Jesus we may glory,  
    Still more and more ;  
That with thee we may adore *him*,  
With thee cast our crowns before *him*,  
    Whom all adore !

## XXXII.

## THE PREACHER'S PRAYER.

Spirit of truth ! thy holy teaching,  
To me vouchsafe, who oft am preaching  
    On things divine ;  
From truth preserve my heart from straying,  
Anoint my lips lest they be saying,  
    *What is not thine.*

Thou knowest, Lord, I am no stranger,  
To man's defection, and his danger  
    From Satan's lie ;  
Thou knowest I have seen my errors,  
And I have felt the laws fierce terrors,  
    And fear'd to die.

Yet, Lord, I trust thou hast been showing,  
To me that blood, which once was flowing  
    From David's son  
In streams, whose virtue still is healing,  
All those who contrite hearts are feeling,  
    For deeds misdone.

And I have felt a holy pleasure,  
While gazing on that heav'nly treasure,  
    So rich in love ;  
And law and death then lost their terrors,  
And I, in spite of all my errors,  
    Could look above.

And now, O Lord, while men addressing,  
Let thy poor servant see thy blessing  
    In showers fall ;  
That men, thy word may be receiving,  
And souls once dead may live believing,  
    That Christ is *all*.

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### XXXIII.

#### THE HOMAGE OF THE HEART.

While thousands from thee daily rove,  
Thy servant, Lord, I fain would prove,  
    Faithful I fain would be ;  
Within myself I naught would find,  
Save thine own meek and loving mind,  
    Thine own supremacy.

While in life's lowly vale I walk,  
Daily with thee I fain would talk,  
    As friend doth talk with friend ;  
Secure in thee my refuge, high,  
I would not ask or fear to die,  
    But calmly wait my end.

Woes threaten fast my cup to fill,  
Yet, Lord, I fain would do thy will,  
    Vouchsafe to be my guide ;  
Lord in thy strength I would be strong,  
Oh bear me in thine arms along,  
    Or keep me near thy side.

I am a sinner, Lord, 'tis true,  
And naught but wrath were now my due,  
    Had not the Lamb been slain ;  
But, Lord, since thou didst deign to bleed,  
Poor contrite ones from wrath are freed,  
    Their ransom price thy pain !

How wondrous and how rich that grace  
Which mov'd thee in the sinner's place,  
    Beneath wrath's storm to bend !  
No marvel that bright choirs above,  
Should celebrate such matchless love,  
    And praise the sinner's friend !

Sweet shepherd ! bid my soul rejoice,  
And daily let me hear thy voice  
While I on earth abide ;  
My soul to living waters lead,  
Which from the smitten rock proceed,  
That rock, *thy wounded side.*

My thirsty soul amidst its pain,  
Shall drink and drink and drink again,  
And still more thirsty grow ;  
Until in heav'n that face I see,  
Before whose smile all sorrows flee,  
All tears forget to flow.

And there amidst thy ransom'd throng,  
How joyful and how loud my song,  
Before thy throne shall be !  
*Eternity*, with all its length,  
Will pathos add, and joy and strength,  
To my heart's minstrelsey.

My notes of praise, although sincere,  
Are feeble and imperfect here,  
For lack of holy fire ;  
But when in heav'n my seat I take,  
Thy glory, dearest Lord, shall wake,  
To ecstasy my lyre.

And can it be, dear Lord, that I  
Should e'er attain a state so high,  
    So perfect and so pure ?  
Ah ! can it be that one so vile,  
Should dwell beneath Jehovah's smile,  
    In endless bliss secure ?

Were not Salvation all of grace,  
No ray of hope would have a place,  
    My weary soul within ;  
But black despair would be my doom,  
And anguish deep beyond the tomb,  
    The true desert of sin.

But since a pardon full and free,  
To contrite ones who trust in thee,  
    The pen of truth records ;  
To thy true word my spirit clings,  
And pleads thy promise, King of Kings,  
    And trusts thee, Lord of Lords !





## XXXIV.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE LAST DAY OF THE  
YEAR, 1858.

Ah ! how swiftly years are fleeting,  
Bearing mortals in their flight,  
To their last and solemn meeting,  
With that God whose throne is *Light*.

Onward, onward ne'er impeded,  
Or by calms, or adverse gale ;  
Storms and tempests all unheeded  
To *Eternity* we sail.

Onward, onward, we are sailing,  
To bright worlds where angels dwell,  
Or to that dark place where wailing,  
Will of endless sorrows tell.

Think, my soul, what joys or sorrows  
Thine in one brief hour may be !  
Time thine to day, but to morrow's  
Weal or woe, *Eternity*.

•

Tender shepherd, deign to cherish  
From the fulness of thy grace,  
One who well deserves to perish  
With the rebels of his race.

Death himself thy will fulfilling,  
Has its message, Lord, from thee ;  
Grant that he may find me willing  
When his message comes to me.


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### XXXV.

**"THOU DIDST HIDE THY FACE, AND I WAS TROUBLED."**

Psalm xxx. 7.

O God of grace, who hast thy dwelling  
With contrite hearts whose sighs are telling  
Their sorrows sore ;  
Thy face awhile thou art concealing,  
That men may prize the blood of healing,  
And love thee more.



How oft have I by tempests driven,  
That refuge sought thy grace has given,  
    To sinners poor ;  
How oft hast thou beheld me lying,  
Weary and wounded, groaning, crying,  
    At mercy's door.

How oft have I to thee been praying,  
And thou the while hast been delaying,  
    My soul to cheer ;  
And then my heart has oft been fearing,  
That thou my voice hast not been hearing,  
    And wouldst not hear.

Yet while thy face thou thus wast hiding,  
I knew thy promise was abiding,  
    And thou wast true ;  
For in thy word I heard thee speaking,  
To all who were a refuge seeking,  
    From wrath their due.

By words so full of grace invited,  
Again I prayed and hope was lighted,  
    By power divine ;  
On me so long in darkness groaning,  
And my sad state with tears bemoaning,  
    Thy face did shine.

And then my heart with thee was talking,  
And I awhile in light was walking,  
    No cloud between ;  
And had it, Lord, thy will befitted,  
I could this vale of tears have quitted,  
    With soul serene.

Too short, alas ! this day of gladness,  
For soon a long, long night of sadness,  
    Obscur'd my mind ;  
And soon thou didst withdraw thy shining,  
And leave my soul in darkness pining,  
    Like one that's blind.

O God of grace, I'm oft offending,  
And thou thy smiles art long suspending,  
    So sad my state ;  
From thee my heart is often straying,  
And many an evil thing betraying,  
    That thou dost hate.

How long, O Lord, wilt thou be chiding  
How long thy face of love be hiding  
    From one so poor ;  
Subdue each thought 'gainst thee rebelling,  
And make my heart thine own pure dwelling,  
    To stray no more.

## XXXVI.

## SYMPATHY.

The mournful widow, with her orphan charge,  
Sitting in silent solitude, apart  
From the world's strife and rude intruder's gaze,  
With look dejected mused on the past,  
Once bright with visions of felicity,  
But changed now to dark realities ;  
While ever and anon she lifts her eyes  
Loving, yet sad, upon her children dear,  
Who in their turn her love reciprocate,  
While floods of sorrow lave their faded cheeks,  
And plead with deep pathetic eloquence  
To Him who dwells in light for sympathy.  
Sweet solace of our sorrows, sympathy,  
Thou comest, like an angel sent from God,  
With tender look and gentle words to bless,  
To sooth, to counsel, and communicate !  
Methinks I see thee with thy noiseless step  
Enter the chamber where these mourners weep,  
Who in thy features recognize a friend,  
And hail thine advent as a boon from heav'n.

In thy silver tones there is a pathos,  
And in thy tender touch and gentle look  
A mighty charm, which oft resuscitates  
The prostrate energies, and to the heart  
Bids hope return and re-assume her seat.  
With them that weep thou weepest, and dost give  
Thy bread to feed, and raiment warm to clothe  
The pining sons of want and misery.  
To confer and to receive a blessing,  
Sweet sympathy, is now thy privilege ;  
Would that thy visits were more frequent here  
In this our vale of tears, where oft, alas,  
Widows and orphans sad are doom'd to live  
Neglected or unknown, or only known  
As things degraded and unfit to hold  
Their heads erect the happy world among.  
Were gold and silver mine, then thou and I  
Would walk together through this world of woe,  
And by kind words and deeds would banish far  
From many a mournful heart its sorrow.  
With words of grace, which God's own book supplies,  
I now can offer comfort, and direct,  
The sorrowful to Him who oft did weep  
And was Himself in grief pre-eminent.  
To Him amidst my griefs I oft-times go  
Invited by that proof of sympathy  
Which He, the friend of sinners, gave on earth,  
And now does give from heav'n. Yes, Jesus,  
Sorrow and tears were thine and poverty,

Temptation strong and mental agony,  
And this stern discipline did qualify  
Thy spotless soul and pure humanity  
For tender and effective sympathy.  
Ye sons and daughters of affliction go  
With all your burdens and your griefs to Him  
Whose heart is full of tenderness. His name,  
His nature, and his office high proclaim  
His sympathy. In Him the fatherless  
Will find a father, and the widow sad  
A friend, a brother, and a God most kind.  
Sweet sympathy, to me thou oft hast paid  
Thy welcome visits, oft thy friendly smile  
Has with its brightness scatter'd gloom away,  
And to my fainting spirits given proof  
That there is yet some sunshine in the world.  
Sweet sympathy, thy visits still renew,  
For I shall need thee while a pilgrim here ;  
And while I value kindred, friendship, love,  
And see thy presence in the smiles of each,  
Yet may I chiefly find thee in my LORD.

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## XXXVII.

## A PRAYER FOR PILGRIMS.

King of Zion ! Holy Jesus !  
From all idols set us free :  
Grant that nothing here may please us,  
Save the thing that pleases thee.

Here on earth we are but strangers,  
Pilgrims subject oft to woes ;  
Great and many are our dangers,  
Strong and cruel are our foes.

Set on Zion are our faces,  
Where we hope to see our King ;  
When we faint revive our graces,  
Lest we fall new succour bring.

Feeble ever and unstable,  
In ourselves we ne'er confide ;  
Yet, Lord Jesus, thou art able,  
Still to keep us near thy side.



Health and peace each soul refuses,  
From all sources here below ;  
From thy wounds, dear Lord, and bruises,  
All our health and peace must flow.

From our breasts vouchsafe to banish,  
Darkness, unbelief, and sighs ;  
Bid the gloom of night to vanish,  
And the star of hope to rise.

When we cry, vouchsafe to hear us,  
Be our tower, shield and sun ;  
Let thy presence guard and cheer us,  
While the race of life we run.

Let no evil thing delight us,  
While life's journey we pursue ;  
Nor the face of death affright us,  
When the grave is full in view.

Draw us, Lord, and keep us near thee,  
Raise our hearts to things above ;  
And, when dying, let us hear thee  
Speak in accents fraught with love.



## XXXVIII.

## THOUGHTS ON THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

Methinks I hear celestial songs  
From angels pure and bright ;  
Sweet music which alone belongs  
To realms of endless light.

Lift up your heads, ye gates, they sing ;  
The *Prince of Peace* draws nigh ;  
Jesus our great triumphant king,  
Now claims his throne on high.

Ye everlasting doors give way,  
Receive the *Eternal Son* ;  
He comes, he comes, he comes to day,  
To tell what love has done.

He comes, he comes on azure clouds,  
*Him* seraphs bright attend ;  
He comes amidst adoring crowds,  
He comes, the sinner's *friend*.

Hail! hail! creation's mighty Lord!  
Receive our homage true,  
Upon thy throne be thou ador'd,  
By saints and angels too.

Redemption's work is now complete,  
Amaz'd at mercy's plan;  
We, wond'ring worship at thy feet,  
And hail thee God and man.

In pure humanity now clad,  
We see our God and King;  
And with thy ransom'd church are glad,  
Our songs of praise to sing.

A crown of thorns on earth was thine,  
Thou hadst deep woes to bear;  
Glory eternal and divine,  
Is now thy portion here.

Oft have we marvell'd at that grace,  
Which could so long endure;  
The insults of a rebel race,  
Who spurn'd their only cure.

To see our God insulted thus,  
By those base sons of pride;  
Provok'd our wrath and moved us,  
To wish that they had died.

But thou art *Love*, that name alone,  
Explains thy wond'rous ways ;  
O God of Love ! ascend thy throne,  
Amidst our songs of praise.

Thy saints on earth shall be our care,  
Their servants we will be ;  
Until in this bright world they share,  
Thine own felicity !

The Lamb once slain now takes his place,  
'Midst anthems loud and long ;  
And seated on his throne of grace,  
He reigns a *prince* most strong.

To his poor church he sends his gifts,  
From his bright throne above ;  
To that bright throne our hearts he lifts,  
In pray'r and praise and love.



## XXXIX.

## FOR EVER !

*For ever !* words with meaning fraught,  
Beyond the grasp of human thought,  
Yet words with hope replete ;  
To those who have to *Jesus* fled,  
And have in him their living *head*,  
A righteousness complete.

Each thing on earth that now has breath,  
Will feel at last the hand of death,  
It is the lot of *all* !  
Mountains and rocks which in their pride  
Have long the tooth of *time* defied,  
Are doomed at last to fall.

Thousands of years may pass away,  
Sun, moon, and stars may know decay,  
And *time* may cease to be ;  
But when stern *death* his work has done,  
And time his given race has run,  
Remains *eternity* !

*For ever !* with its import vast,  
Awaits the soul ; not moments fast,  
Nor fleeting months nor years  
Will be the limit of man's life,  
As now in this vain world of strife,  
This world of sin and tears.

*For ever !* not those fleeting joys,  
Which oft the fear of loss alloys,  
While here on earth we live ;  
*For ever !* not a transient ray  
From Christ, the sun of endless day,  
Which now he deigns to give.

But bliss *for ever*, bliss most pure,  
*Felicity* from change secure,  
Their lot will be above,  
Who here have found a hiding place  
*In Christ*, so full of truth and grace,  
*In Christ*, so rich in love !

*For ever !* Jesus will unfold  
Riches more precious far than gold,  
Perfections pure and bright !  
*For ever !* near his throne will dwell  
Pilgrims whose tears so often fell,  
In sorrow's wintry night.

*For ever !* safe beneath Christ's smile,  
They fear no more the serpent's guile,  
Nor his infernal hate ;  
Free from the presence of all sin,  
To tempt without or plague within,  
*For ever*, is their state.

*For ever !* reader, may it be  
Thy lot and mine, eternity.  
Of bliss above to know ;  
May we and those we love attain,  
That state where dwells no sin nor pain,  
And where no tears can flow.

*Eternity* perhaps is near !  
Do we the voice of *Jesus* hear,  
Do we now seek his face ?  
In his sweet name do we confide,  
Is he our God, our Friend, our Guide,  
Our Rock, our Hiding-place ?

Happy, if we can answer "*Yes*,"  
For *Jesus* will for ever bless  
Our souls in heav'n above !  
Will guide us with his counsel here,  
Then own us as his children dear,  
In realms of endless love.

But if my reader answer "No,"  
Then contemplate the depth of woe,  
    *Eternity* unfolds ;  
Those who depart in unbelief,  
In chains of everlasting grief,  
    *Eternity* fast holds.

Alas ! alas ! in that sad state,  
No ray of hope can penetrate,  
    The sons of woe to cheer ;  
Beneath *Jehovah's* frown they lie,  
For ever wishing they might die,  
    Yet *Death* is never near.

Recrimination, hatred, rage,  
And woes which naught can there assuage,  
    Assail the ear and eye ;  
No friend is there with balm to heal,  
The sorrows which those lost ones feel,  
    No *Comforter* is nigh.

For ever toss'd on sorrow's sea,  
Eternal is their agony,  
    Infernal are their foes ;  
No respite to their grief they find,  
No balm to heal a troubled mind,  
    No haven of repose.



Deep enmity to God and man,  
And passions fierce, which never can  
    On earth depicted be,  
*For ever* reign their souls within  
For they who live and die in sin,  
    Will sin eternally.

Keen memory the life reviews ;  
Past words and deeds in darkest hues  
    Upon the mind intrude ;  
The worm with never dying sting,  
And the just wrath of heaven's high king  
    One moment's peace preclude.

Such—such indeed methinks is hell,  
Where fiends and unbelievers dwell,  
    With woes *for ever* fraught ;  
Reader, may we and those we love,  
This awful state far, far above,  
    By mercy's hand be brought !

Flee, sinners, flee, to *Jesus* flee,  
Ask him your guilty souls to free,  
    From condemnation due ;  
Ask him to wash you in his blood,  
To lave your souls in that red flood  
    Which hides all sins from view.

Ask *Him* your naked souls to dress,  
In his own robe of righteousness,  
That you may worthy be ;  
In that white robe so pure and bright,  
To stand before Jehovah's sight,  
Throughout *Eternity*.

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## XL.

## THE GOSPEL.

Ah! how wond'rous is that story,  
Which proclaims Jehovah's love ;  
And reveals the way to glory,  
With angelic hosts above.

Naught on earth approaches near it,  
As a theme with wonders fraught ;  
Well may angels stoop to hear it,  
And by sinful men be taught.

Wond'rous are the stars adorning,  
Like bright gems the midnight skies ;  
Wond'rous is the sun, when morning  
Bids him from the east arise.

From the depths of ocean roaring,  
O'er its wond'rous breadth and length ;  
Wond'rous are the billows soaring,  
In their anger and their strength.

Wond'rous is the voice of thunder,  
Wond'rous too the lightning's blaze ;  
Well may mortals fear and wonder,  
When its splendour meets their gaze.

Loudly are these wonders telling  
Of Jehovah's wond'rous might ;  
Yet my wond'ring thoughts are dwelling,  
On a wonder far more bright.

'Tis the wonder of redemption,  
Which my wond'ring thought employs ;  
From the curse this gives exemption,  
And secures eternal joys.

Justice, love, and truth were blended,  
In salvation's wond'rous plan ;  
And when Jesus died was ended  
Cause of strife 'twixt God and man.

One faint emblem, nature yields us  
Of Jehovah's compact true ;  
Where each bright perfection shields us,  
From the wrath to sinners due.

'Tis the rainbow which oft raises,  
My poor thoughts to heaven above ;  
On its hues my eye oft gazes,  
And there reads Jehovah's *love*.

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## XLI.

## ENGLAND.

*England*, thou art a happy land,  
Thy sons are brave and free ;  
United all in heart and hand  
In noblest chivalry.

United all their Queen to love,  
To honour and defend ;  
*England*, all other realms above,  
Thou art a happy land.

On British, or on foreign soil,  
Where'er Victoria goes,  
'Midst nobles or the sons of toil,  
*Victoria* has no foes.

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Ten thousand times ten thousand cheers,  
She hears with face serene ;  
This olden anthem greets her ears,  
*God save old England's Queen !*

*England*, thou art a happy land,  
Here woman is no slave ;  
But partner meet in heart and hand,  
For man so frank and brave.

*England*, thy daughters fair and free,  
Affectionate, refin'd ;  
Enjoy with man equality,  
Equality of mind.

*England*, thou art a happy land,  
Christ's heralds here are free ;  
A holy and a chosen band,  
Heralds of liberty !

Immunity from thralldom base,  
Salvation's wond'rous plan ;  
Sweet liberty, the fruit of grace,  
They preach to fallen man.

*England*, be free and happy still,  
Upon both land and wave ;  
Jehovah's high behests fulfil,  
Be wise, be just, be brave.

## XLII.

## MYSELF.

Dark my mind and unbelieving,  
Anxious, restless, full of fear ;  
At the past and present grieving,  
Distant troubles bringing near.

Like a shadow, life is fleeting,  
Feeble is my house of clay ;  
On it wintry storms are beating,  
Tending to its last decay.

Burden'd oft with sin and sorrow,  
To a throne of grace I go ;  
But, alas, the coming morrow,  
Undiminish'd finds my woe.

God his face of love is hiding,  
Darkness veils his awful throne ;  
And the solemn voice of chiding  
Is the voice I hear alone.

Shall I then with heart desponding,  
Cease before that throne to bend ;  
And to Satan's wiles responding,  
Strength to his temptations lend ?

Would this moment saw me dying,  
Waiting at that throne for peace !  
Rather than my heart its sighing  
And its feeble praise should cease.

Feeble ever and unstable,  
In myself I ne'er confide ;  
Yet, Lord Jesus, thou art able,  
Still to keep me near thy side.

Health and peace my soul refuses,  
From all sources here below ;  
From thy wounds, dear Lord, and bruises,  
All my hopes of comfort flow.

Deign, then, Lord, again to hear me,  
Be my *tower, shield and sun*,  
Let thy presence guard and cheer me,  
While the race of life I run.

From my breast vouchsafe to banish  
Darkness, unbelief and sighs ;  
Bid the gloom of night to vanish,  
And the star of hope to rise.

Let no evil thing delight me,  
While life's journey I pursue ;  
Nor the face of death affright me,  
When the grave is full in view.

Draw me, Lord, and keep me near thee,  
Raise my heart to things above ;  
And when dying let me hear thee,  
Speak in accents fraught with love.



## XLIII.

## MEMORY.

Deep in hard rocks with iron pen,  
Were graven erst the deeds of men,  
And names of Monarchs high ;  
And long these giant types of pride,  
Have time's devouring tooth defied,  
And long refus'd to die.

So mem'ry, mirror of the past,  
And record true, ordain'd to last,  
When Time his race has run ;  
Asserts her long enduring pow'rs,  
And tells the tale of misspent hours,  
And evil things erst done.



Here, in her page full oft I read,  
The record of some word or deed,  
Which fills my soul with shame ;  
Yet though her witness makes me blush,  
Her faithful voice I would not hush,  
Nor her intrusion blame.

'Tis mem'ry keeps me here so low,  
At His dear feet, whose blood did flow,  
Poor fallen man to raise !  
'Tis mem'ry warns me lest I stray,  
'Tis mem'ry prompts my heart to pray,  
And aids my notes of praise.

Then, *mem'ry*, still thy pow'rs retain,  
And tell me oft of pleasures vain,  
And days of grief gone by ;  
And tell me too of mercies past,  
And tell of hearts whose love will last,  
When *death* himself *shall die*.

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## XLIV.

## HAS LIFE ITS CHARMS?

*Has life its charms?* a mourner asks ;  
A life so full of toil and tasks,  
A life begun with tears ;  
A life, alas ! that with it brings,  
The seeds of bad and bitter things,  
That ripen with our years.

*Has life its charms?* let mem'ry dwell  
On days and scenes once loved so well,  
On hearts and homes so gay ;  
When youth and friendship did combine,  
To make some fleeting pleasures mine,  
And chase dark thoughts away.

But death's cold hand has snatch'd from view,  
Full many a face that once I knew,  
And many a friend laid low ;  
Weary and weak I'm left behind,  
Or soon or late (I trust) to find,  
The rest those lov'd ones know.

Full many a burden I have borne,  
Full many a woe my heart has torn,  
And oft some secret sigh  
Has told of inward hidden grief,  
Of wounds that ask'd for no relief  
Save balm from Calvary.

O Lord of life ! shall I complain,  
Amidst the sorrows and the pain,  
Thine hand upon me lays ?  
Shall dust and ashes dare rebel,  
'Gainst thee, who doing all things well,  
Art holy in thy ways ?

O Lord of life ! then let me live,  
Content with what thine hand shall give,  
Of sorrow or of joy ;  
Life is but short, and there remains  
A holy rest from sin and pains,  
Where foes can ne'er annoy.

*Has life its charms* do I enquire ?  
And feels my soul no warm desire,  
To tarry longer here ?  
Are there no hearts that want my love,  
Have I no work from God above,  
No weary ones to cheer ?

*O selfish soul!* just look around,  
See the dark deeds of sin abound,  
And wilt thou wish to flee?  
Wilt thou not tell poor souls their need,  
Of *him*, whose cleansing blood doth plead,  
For sinners like to thee?

And wilt thou not aloud proclaim,  
That sweet, that mighty, saving name,  
Which health and peace imparts?  
That name which strengthens feeble saints,  
And puts to silence all complaints,  
And heals the broken hearts!

Forgive, O Lord, thy feeble one,  
And in me let thy will be done,  
Gird thy poor worm with power;  
Let faith and patience keep my soul,  
And ev'ry selfish thought control.  
Until life's closing hour.

Then, Lord, vouchsafe to be my guide,  
And keep me near thy wounded side,  
Death's gloomy vale along;  
Dispel each cloud with thy bright face,  
And let me hear these words of grace,  
“*O dying one, be strong.*”

## XLV.

## THE PERSON OF CHRIST.

My thoughts upon thy *person* dwell,  
O Jesus, Lord of Lords !  
And oft my pen essays to tell,  
The thoughts that theme affords.

My mind is dark, yet this I know,  
And this I must proclaim ;  
That all that mercy can bestow  
Flows through thy wond'rous name !

The *sun* that rules and cheers our day,  
The *moon* that shines by night ;  
The *comet* which creates dismay,  
And all the stars so bright.

The *lightning's* quick electric blaze,  
The *thunder* loud and long ;  
The *winds* which oft their voices raise,  
And *ocean* deep and strong,

Are wonders which may well create  
Deep musings in the mind ;  
But I a wonder contemplate,  
Which leaves all these behind.

Thy person is, O Lord, to me  
With wonders so replete ;  
That I could spend *eternity*,  
In musing at thy feet.

The union of God and man,  
In thy one *person* found ;  
A wonder is in mercy's plan,  
Most lovely and profound !

Here love, surpassing love, I see !  
Love mov'd thee to assume  
On earth a pure humanity,  
And suffer in our room.

Mercy and truth in thee I view,  
And righteousness and peace ;  
Received from thee their honour due,  
And discord now must cease.

Thy presence in our nature, Lord,  
In yon bright world above ;  
Will ever to my mind afford,  
A proof that thou art *love*.

Our brother thou, once born to die,  
Thy brethren to redeem ;  
Yet then, Creator, God most high,  
Of heav'n and earth supreme.

While *Mary* nurs'd thee at her breast,  
And smiling call'd thee "*son*,"  
Thou wert Jehovah, God most blest,  
The high and holy one !

Deep mystery ! and yet most true,  
A truth which all receive,  
Who give thy word its credence due,  
And in thy name believe.

O Jesus ! may my thoughts aspire,  
While here on earth I dwell ;  
Thy wond'rous *person* to admire,  
And of thy love to tell.

I ask no more, for this will be,  
Should I to heav'n attain  
My theme throughout eternity,  
My best, my noblest strain !

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## XLVI.

## SORROWFUL BREATHINGS.

O *holy Jesus* ; who art near,  
The sighs of broken hearts to hear,  
And bleeding wounds to heal :  
Behold from heav'n my sore distress,  
The burdens which my soul oppress,  
And all the griefs I feel.

Beneath their weight too weak to stand,  
I ask that thine Almighty Hand  
My spirit would sustain ;  
Strong in thy strength I fain would be,  
That my poor heart upheld by thee  
Might triumph o'er its pain.

No stranger thou to human grief,  
In sorrow as in glory chief,  
Thou didst deep woes endure ;  
When in our flesh thy thirty years,  
Were spent within this vale of tears,  
Woes not thine own to cure.

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Yes, *Jesus* ! thou didst bleed and die,  
That men might live with thee on high,  
All sin and grief above :  
Wrath due to sin, thyself didst bear,  
That man with thee bright crowns might wear,  
In realms, bright realms of love.

*Jesus* ! Jehovah is thy name,  
To-day and yesterday the same,  
Eternal and divine ;  
On earth a man of sorrows deep,  
Here did'st thou learn to sigh and weep,  
And here the cross was thine.

Exalted now to that bright state,  
Where seraphs at thy footstool wait,  
And crowns thy head adorn ;  
Thou hast not on thy throne forgot,  
The sorrows which were once thy lot,  
The burdens thou hast borne.

Then pity, Lord, the feeble one,  
Who wants thee for his Shield and Sun,  
His Counsellor and Friend ;  
Deign strength and solace to impart,  
To his poor weak and wounded heart,  
Or bid his sorrows end.

## XLVII.

## MARY MAGDALENE AT THE CROSS.

Life's purest joys, alas ! how brief,  
Mine are for ever fled ;  
Incurable is now my grief,  
My Lord, my Lord, is *dead* !

Silent in death is now that voice,  
Which Satan's legions fear'd,  
Which made the widow's heart rejoice,  
And contrite spirits cheer'd.

Nail'd to the Cross, are now those hands,  
Which scatter'd bliss around ;  
Which heal'd the sick, and loos'd the bands,  
Of souls by Satan bound !

Those sacred feet, for earth too pure,  
On which my tears once fell ;  
The anguish which thou did'st endure,  
My dearest Lord, now tell ?

And what, dear Lord, hath been thy crime,  
For which such grief was due ?  
Ne'er shone the sun in any clime  
On one so just and true.

Majestic in benevolence,  
In lowliness so great !  
It was thy spotless innocence  
Which mov'd my country's hate.

Alas, my Country, woe to thee !  
Earth trembles, and the sun  
Now hides his face, ashamed to see  
The deed thy sons have done.

Daughters of Salem ! weep aloud,  
And cloth'd in sackcloth lie ;  
'Ere long your sons and sires so proud,  
For this dark deed must die !

My Lord ! my Lord ! most kind, most kind,  
Thine the good shepherd's part ;  
'Twas thine, the wand'ring sheep to find,  
And heal the broken heart.

Had I a thousand lives to give,  
They all were freely thine !  
Could I by dying bid Thee live,  
On this dark world to shine.

Sisters in sorrow ! great our loss,  
Well may our tears thus fall ;  
There hangs upon that blood stain'd cross,  
*Our Lord, our Life, our All !*

Dear mother of my dearest Lord,  
Thy troubled bosom calm ;  
Would my poor heart could help afford,  
And give thy spirit balm.

*Thy Son*, tho' dead, in glory lives,  
Be this thy soothing thought ;  
It is the balm Jehovah gives,  
We must not count it naught.

In bliss ineffable above,  
He lives with angels bright !  
His nature and his dwelling, love,  
His day eternal light.

Lean on my arm, dear trembling one,  
So pale and faint with woe ;  
To the bright spirit of thy son,  
Methinks thou soon wilt go.

Sisters in sorrow ! let us wait,  
Our dear Lord's cross beside ;  
Tho' dark the day, it is not late,  
It is not evening tide.

On his dear corpse awhile we'll gaze,  
And view his wound so deep ;  
And then to Heav'n our hearts we'll raise,  
And watch, and pray, and weep.

Perhaps ere long some loving friend  
May bear the dead away !  
Then o'er his grave awhile we'll bend,  
Then keep the Sabbath-day.

A mournful Sabbath it will be,  
Yet there is drawing near ;  
A Sabbath of Eternity,  
Unclouded by a tear.

That Sabbath so pure and so bright,  
My dearest Lord is thine ;  
Oh ! that my soul could take its flight,  
And make that Sabbath mine !



## XLVIII.

## THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.

With palsy, plague and broken bones,  
God's helpless children lie ;  
The good Physician hears their groans,  
And suffers none to die.

With tender look and gentle hand,  
He health and peace imparts ;  
The trembling limbs he bids to stand,  
And heals the broken hearts.

On ev'ry face once sad with shame,  
He prints a heav'nly kiss ;  
On ev'ry forehead writes his name,  
And seals each soul for bliss.

"Jehovah Rhophi \*," thy rich grace  
In healing streams shall flow ;  
'Till all the ransom'd of our race,  
Thy saving health shall know.

Then shall the voice of sighing cease,  
And sorrow's springs be dry ;  
Then shall the grave her dead release,  
And *Death* himself *shall die*.

\* "I am the Lord that healeth thee."—Exod. xv. 26.



And now, methinks, the father fond,  
Clasping his boy with warm embrace ;  
Doth to the mother's pray'r respond,  
And upward look for peace and grace.

And grandmama with tearful eye,  
Asks the great God in heav'n above,  
To be her darling infant nigh,  
To bless him with his grace and love.

Sweet Reginald ! I give to thee  
An old man's pray'r ('tis all I can) ;  
I pray that thou may'st live to be  
A happy and a holy man.



## L.

### A MORNING'S MEDITATION.

*Father of mercies, God of grace,*  
Who hast in light thy dwelling place,  
The starry host above ;  
All creatures in thy bounty share,  
But man receives a Father's care,  
Enjoys a Father's love !



*Father of mercies, God of grace,*  
Bright angels love thy ways to trace  
In mercy's wond'rous plan ;  
Redemption's wonders they explore,  
Admiring near thy throne adore,  
And servants are to man.

*Father of mercies, God of grace,*  
Earth, seas and skies thy hands embrace,  
Thy presence all pervades ;  
O God omnipotent and just,  
Man at thy bidding rose from dust,  
And at thy fiat fades.

*Father of mercies, God of grace,*  
Thou didst, to save a sinful race,  
Not spare thine only son ;  
*Thy holy son*, thine image bright,  
In glory, majesty and might,  
With thee the Father, one.

*Father of mercies, God of grace,*  
Of thy dear son behold the face,  
Whene'er my voice I raise ;  
Before thy throne in humble pray'r  
Or grateful for thy tender care,  
I speak in notes of praise.

*Father of mercies, God of grace,*  
Of life's stern warfare brief the space !  
    Soon will thy children be  
Safely their Father's house within,  
Secure from Satan, grief and sin,  
    Secure eternally.

*Father of mercies, God of grace,*  
There will thy smile at once erase  
    All vestiges of woe ;  
Thy children here are wont to sigh,  
Pilgrims they are in desert dry,  
    And subtile is their foe.

*Father of mercies, God of grace,*  
Folded within thy love's embrace,  
    Beyond the reach of ill ;  
In thee their portion they will joy,  
Felicity without alloy,  
    Each holy soul will fill !

*Father of mercies, God of grace,*  
Give me and mine a dwelling place  
    Beneath thy smile so bright ;  
When death shall claim our mortal clay,  
Then bid our souls behold that day  
    Of which thou art the light !

## LI.

## AN EASTERN TALE.

Two loving hearts, by grace allied,  
And in the bonds of nature tied,  
    In sympathy most near,  
A brother had, an only one,  
Who was to them like shield and sun,  
    So brave, so bright, so dear.

This brother was a man of pray'r,  
To walk with God his daily care,  
    And oft the sisters twain  
With him would read the sacred page,  
With him on tuneful harps engage,  
    In songs of noblest strain.

At eventide they oft would walk,  
And of the *Hope* of Israel talk,  
    The long expected seed ;  
Messias was their daily theme,  
Messias was their midnight dream,  
    Of Him they felt their need.

In Salem's streets, lo, one appears  
Who wipes away the widow's tears,  
And bids the blind to see ;  
His doctrine drops like gentle dew,  
His speech is balmy, pure, and true,  
No common man is he.

Attracted by his rising fame,  
The loving three to Salem came  
His words and works to scan,  
They hear him preach Jehovah's love,  
They hear him tell of bliss above,  
And rest for weary man.

His words, and works alike express  
A heart full fraught with tenderness,  
And hands with pow'r replete ;  
At his command diseases fly,  
And fiercest foes of God most High  
At his rebuke retreat.

His words, so full of truth and grace,  
Find in their hearts a dwelling place,  
And oft a welcome guest.  
At Bethany where dwelt the three,  
This wond'rous man vouchsafes to be,  
And neath their roof to rest.

When eastern rays first gild the skies,  
These sisters fair were wont to rise  
And every task before ;  
With their lov'd brother they would raise  
Their voices sweet in notes of praise,  
Jehovah to adore.

Unconscious of approaching woes,  
As was their wont, one morn they rose,  
In health and virtue strong ;  
For their lov'd brother long they wait,  
He comes not yet. Ah ! why so late !  
Why sleeps he thus so long ?

His chamber now they softly seek,  
And there so pallid and so weak,  
Like one whom death is near ;  
Their brother meets their tearful gaze:  
And fills their hearts with sore amazement,  
With sadness and with fear.

Then thus one speaks, " Ah, were He here  
To whom our lov'd one is so dear,  
This sickness would be brief.  
Come, let us to the Master send,  
A faithful servant or a friend,  
With tidings of our grief."

This message goes with speed most quick,  
"He whom thou lovest, Lord, is sick."

The Master tarries still ;  
The sick man's pulse more feebly beats,  
His sickness human skill defeats,  
He waits Jehovah's will.

"The Master comes not, sister, say,  
Dost think he will not come to-day ?  
Ah, sure his steps are nigh !  
Yes, yes, he loves our brother so,  
He will be mindful of our woe,  
Our dear one must not die !"

The Master comes not ! 'Midst their pain  
The sisters hope, but hope in vain,  
Death claims their brother's clay ;  
The lov'd one smiles his last farewell,  
And near the hearts he loves so well,  
He breathes his soul away.

The Master comes not ! Death has borne  
Fond hopes away, and left forlorn  
Hearts erst so bright and calm ;  
The Master comes not, were he here  
His loving smile would dry each tear,  
And give each wound a balm.

He comes, he comes! Go, Martha, go  
And tell the Master all thy woe,  
Naught of thy sorrow hide;  
Prostrate she falls, and with a tear  
Thus speaks, "Lord, if thou hadst been here  
My brother had not died."

With gentle words the Master aims  
To wake that faith his mission claims,  
Which slumbers 'neath her gloom;  
With her lov'd brother peace is fled,  
And hope itself, alas, seems dead,  
And buried in his tomb.

Their converse o'er, she speeds to tell  
The mourning one she loves so well,  
Whose tear, alas, still falls;  
He whom we waited for so long,  
Whose heart is kind and arm so strong  
Is come, and for thee calls.

Men grave with years, in sackcloth clad,  
With downcast eyes and faces sad,  
The stricken one sit round;  
Kind sympathy within each breast  
Would thoughts of balm to her suggest,  
Who yet no balm has found.

Alas! why came he not to save  
My dearest brother from the grave?  
Jehovah's will be done;  
Lord, I would listen to thy voice,  
And ev'n midst sorrow's clouds rejoice,  
Thou Just, thou Holy One!

Such thoughts methinks poor Mary had  
Ere Martha told the tidings glad,  
"The Master calls for thee;"  
Then like one rous'd from midnight dreams,  
In one short moment Mary seems,  
And sighs, "Ah, can it be!"

With beating heart and trembling frame  
She seeks that Lord whose lovely name  
So many tears has dried;  
Prostrate she falls and with a tear  
Thus speaks, "Lord, if thou hadst been here  
My brother had not died."

So touching are man's griefs below,  
Could angels weep their tears would flow  
For hearts with woes so deep;  
No marvel then if one possess'd  
With heart so pure, yet oft distress'd,  
Should weep with them that weep.



Yes, Jesus weeps, then bends his way  
Nigh that cold cave where sleeps the clay  
Of Lazarus, his friend ;  
At his command death yields his prize,  
The loving sisters cease their sighs,  
And all their sorrows end.



## LII.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,  
ON HIS ARRIVAL AT THE UNIVERSITY OF  
CAMBRIDGE, FRIDAY, JAN. 18TH, 1861.

Welcome to this seat of learning,  
Scion of a royal race ;  
Prince, whose youthful days are earning  
Gems a diadem to grace !

While the rough Atlantic bore thee  
On its waters deep and wide,  
British hearts were praying for thee,  
That our God would be thy guide.

Kindly has the great Jehovah  
 Answer'd England's fervent pray'r ;  
 Brought thee safely ocean over,  
 Made thee, royal youth, his care.

Here with grateful hearts we meet thee,  
 Good and learned men among ;  
 Here the hoary sage will greet thee,  
 Here the gay, the brave, the young.

Prince, we love thy royal mother,  
 Length of days to England's queen !  
 Prince, we love thee as a brother,  
 In our acts this love be seen !

With affection we address thee,  
 British, loyal is our zeal ;  
 Pray we all that God may bless thee,  
 And preserve old England's weal.



## LIII.

## GARDEN THOUGHTS.\*

Oh ! how I love your notes to hear,  
Sweet songsters of the spring,  
Bright thoughts my mournful heart to cheer  
Your tuneful warbling bring.

As in my garden now I walk  
In this sweet morn of *May*,  
To my poor heart ye seem to talk,  
And sing its gloom away.

In early morn your notes commence,  
When sluggards sleep and dream,  
Your songs are songs of innocence,  
And fraught with praise they seem.

To listen to your melody,  
Oft I have musing stood,  
And felt that nature's ministry  
Proclaims that God is *good*.

\* A part of this Poem is inserted in page 33, and some of the verses being inadvertently omitted, the entire is here introduced.

Ye are so happy, so your songs  
From morn till eve confess ;  
Alas! to few of men belongs  
This boon of happiness !

Yet God is good, supremely so,  
And merciful and wise ;  
Then why abounds this world with wee,  
And whence its tears and sighs ?

I look without, I look within,  
My heart this answer gives,  
*Sin* is the cause, *accursed sin*,  
In man's proud heart it lives.

Sweet birds, may your pure melody  
My list'ning ear oft greet,  
To me than arts best minstrelsy,  
More soothing and more sweet.

Sing on sweet warblers of the wood,  
To thoughtless man proclaim,  
That God is good, supremely good,  
My muse attempts the same.

Sing on ere sunny seasons end,  
And while fair flow'rs grow,  
Sing on ere chilling rains descend  
And winds unfriendly blow.

Brief are your days, to sing no more  
Your lot ere long will be,  
To sing for ever and adore,  
*Be my high destiny !*



## LIV.

## "THE MOURNER."

*Death !* thou art a foe to many ;  
Wilt thou be a friend to me ?  
From life's evils friend not any,  
Save thyself, can set me free.

Thus a mourner weak and weary,  
Said his troubled heart within ;  
For to him this life was dreary,  
And this world a world of sin.

He had seen and felt much sorrow,  
His had been no common grief ;  
Long his heart had ceas'd to borrow  
From this barren world relief.

Low the Mighty God had brought him  
By afflictions long and stern ;  
And in sorrow's school had taught him  
Lessons hard for flesh to learn.

*Death!* thou art a foe to many ;  
Wilt thou be a friend to me ?  
From life's evils friend not any,  
Save thyself, can set me free.

Then the mourner deeply sighing,  
Bade his thoughts on death to stay ;  
And absorb'd by thoughts of dying,  
Thus to death he seem'd to say :

*Death!* thy reign hath been the longest,  
Saving His on Zion's hill ;  
And thine arm save His the strongest,  
His to save and thine to kill.

Yet that king beneath thy pow'r,  
Was content awhile to lie ;  
Now he lives and waits the hour,  
Erst decreed for thee to die.

*Death!* thy hand doth often spoil us  
Of some jewel bright and dear ;  
Oft thine icy grasp doth foil us,  
Ere, alas, we think thee near.

Thou, *O Death*, art wont to sever  
Kindred spirits here below ;  
But above thy name can never  
Cause the tear of grief to flow.

Their Redeemer's throne surrounding  
Souls united there adore ;  
And in love and peace abounding,  
*There* they meet to part no more.

Thy stern aspect may alarm us,  
And thy name unfriendly sound ;  
But, *O Death*, thou can'st not harm us,  
If in Jesus we be found.

While the grave our dust is keeping,  
Jesus will our spirits take ;  
And our ashes only sleeping,  
At his bidding will awake.

Then will saints excel in beauty,  
Angels bright who dwell above ;  
Like them active in their duty,  
Like them ardent in their love.

Then within their father's dwelling,  
They their grateful songs will sing ;  
And in concert sweet be telling,  
Of the grace of Zion's king.

Tell me, *Death*, why I should fear thee  
If I have a home so bright ;  
If I have a *Friend* so near me,  
Whose sweet smile will be my light.

But, perchance, there may be danger,  
Lest in Christ thou be not found ;  
Lest to real grace a stranger,  
Thy poor heart be still unsound.

That, *O Death*, would be an error,  
Which the grave could not retrieve ;  
I should meet my Judge with terror,  
And the fruits of sin receive.

Anguish then would be eternal,  
No firm friend, no refuge nigh ;  
My companions, foes infernal,  
To Jehovah God most high !

Holy God, oh let me perish,  
And for ever be but dust ;  
Rather than my soul should cherish  
Ought but love for *one so just* !

Holy God, I have no merit,  
Yet methinks I love thy name ;  
Shall a contrite heart inherit,  
With thy foes eternal shame ?



*Death*, I must not now invite thee,  
Adverse to thy master's will ;  
But until thy Lord shall cite me,  
I will pray and suffer still.

Should it be my lot to enter  
That bright world where sorrows cease  
And where glory's sun and centre,  
Jesus reigns, the Prince of Peace.

Trials here will aid my meetness  
For my holy rest above ;  
And each grief enhance the sweetness  
Of Jehovah's endless love.



## LV.

### THE FLOOD.

With a smile the sun descended,  
With a smile the moon arose ;  
Naught an evil night portended,  
Naught a morrow fraught with woes.

Some in couches softly sleeping,  
    Soon their joys and griefs forgot ;  
Some with bitter anguish weeping,  
    Sullenly bemoan'd their lot.

Some their fellow men were cursing,  
    With a hatred deep and fell,  
Madly in their bosoms nursing  
    Passions wild and fierce as Hell.

Some their hands with murder staining,  
    Boldly gloried in their guilt ;  
Lucre or revenge obtaining,  
    By the blood their hands had spilt.

In few hearts awake or sleeping,  
    Had Jehovah then a throne ;  
Few his holy ways were keeping,  
    Few then worshipp'd him alone.

Yet this evil race expected  
    Naught of anger from above ;  
Scornfully their souls rejected  
    Thoughts of judgment or of love.

Soon the sky a frown was wearing,  
    Soon the moon withdrew her light,  
Men unwonted sounds were hearing,  
    And each face grew pale with fright.

Angry ocean heav'd his billows,  
Light'ning flashed across the gloom ;  
Frantic mothers left their pillows,  
Soon to find a wat'ry tomb.

Rain with fearful force descended,  
Earth became a wat'ry plain ;  
Man then saw a God offended,  
And his help then sought in vain.

Safely on the waters riding,  
God's appointed Ark was seen ;  
In his word *eight* souls confiding,  
In that Ark were kept serene.

Calm amidst the mighty heaving,  
Of old ocean in his rage ;  
Calm when angry floods were leaving  
Naught alive of youth or age.

Reader, ponder o'er this story !  
Here in type the Saviour see ;  
Would'st thou have a place in glory,  
To that ark of safety flee.

Reader, there is wrath impending,  
Soon or late that wrath will fall ;  
Christ will come in clouds descending,  
Potent judge of great and small.

If on Him thou now art calling,  
And by faith he is thy Lord,  
When the storm of wrath is falling,  
*Love to thee will life afford.*

Christ himself will be thy treasure,  
In bright realms of bliss above ;  
Christ the source of all thy pleasure,  
Christ the object of thy love.

Cast, then, ev'ry weight behind thee,  
Turn thy back on earthly things ;  
Lest the day of wrath should find thee,  
Subject to the woes it brings.



## LVI.

“WOMAN, WHY WEEPEST THOU.”

John xx. 15.

*Mary*, methinks I see thee weep,  
Great gloom pervades thy mind ;  
No marvel that thy grief is deep,  
*Thy Lord thou canst not find !*

Mary, thy Lord was kind to thee,  
Of friends he was the best ;  
From Satan's yoke he set thee free,  
And gave thy spirit rest.

Thy grateful tears in showers fell,  
To wash his honour'd feet ;  
A tribute which he lov'd full well,  
Than frankincense more sweet.

And now ere shines the morning ray,  
Sweet spices thou hast brought ;  
And the cold tomb where once he lay,  
With hasty steps hast sought.

"*My Lord is gone !*" ah, where ! ah, where !  
Now rests his sacred head ?  
Alas ! have cruel foes been here  
And borne away the dead ?

On his dear corpse I thought to place  
These spices and this balm,  
And gaze once more on that dear face  
In death's embrace, so calm.

Kind, gentle Lord, oh did I know  
The spot where thou dost lie ;  
Sweet flow'rs upon thy tomb should grow,  
And near it I would die.

Dost ask me, stranger, whom I seek,  
And why my tears thus fall ?  
I weep for Jesus ! Him I seek  
“ *My Lord, my Life, my All !* ”

If thou have borne him hence, oh say !  
And I the honour'd dead,  
In my own arms will bear away,  
To his sepulchral bed.

Beside his tomb I'll watch by night,  
Near it my home shall be ;  
Until in heav'n's eternal light,  
My Lord's sweet face I see.

*Mary !* behold thy risen Lord !  
Before thy face he stands ;  
By brightest seraphim ador'd,  
All kingdoms in his hands.

*Mary !* indulg'd above thy race,  
To thee He first appears ;  
And his bright smile, so full of grace,  
Now quickly dries thy tears.

*Mary !* of thee I love to read,  
In thy heart's deep distress ;  
In each warm tear each word and deed,  
I see much loveliness.

*Mary!* how strong must be that hand,  
Which made thy foes retire,  
And pluck'd thee like a burning brand,  
From hell's devouring fire.

Which made thy heart (once Satan's seat  
And long to sin allied),  
A dwelling for Jehovah meet,  
A temple purified.

*Mary!* methinks I hear thee say,  
To sinners sunk in woe ;  
*Poor sinners*, cast your fears away,  
And to the Saviour go.

His grace, so sov'reign, rich and free,  
Can pardon and renew ;  
He, who so freely pardon'd me,  
Can freely pardon you.

With him in glory now I dwell,  
All sin and griefs above ;  
And on my golden harp I tell  
The triumphs of his love.

## LVII.

## THE GOOD BISHOP.

*Bishop of souls!* thy benediction,  
Amid life's storms and deep affliction  
    Vouchsafe to give ;  
When death his lawful prey has taken,  
And earth my spirit has forsaken,  
    Then let me live.

Live to behold thy face in glory,  
Live to rehearse love's wondrous story,  
    Live to adore ;  
Live with thy saints in scenes of pleasure,  
And live with thee, the soul's best treasure,  
    To die no more.

Live with those saints, thy name confessing,  
Those martyr'd saints, whom thou art blessing,  
    With joys untold ;  
Live with those saints whose dust is sleeping,  
Where Eastern men their flocks are keeping,  
    Thy pilgrims old.



Live with those saints to me united,  
In love which thou thyself hast lighted  
    From fire above ;  
Upon whose graves the grass is growing,  
And at whose names the tear is flowing,  
    Still warm with love.

*Bishop of souls!* thy benediction  
Makes poor men rich, and in affliction  
    True comfort brings ;  
In sorrow's cup it mingles sweetness,  
And to the mind imparts a meetness,  
    For holy things.

Then let my soul be ever pressing  
To realize so rich a blessing,  
    From thee my Lord ;  
And since I'm weak and oft in sorrow,  
Thou, Lord, the *same* to day, to morrow,  
    Thy help afford.

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## LVIII.

## TO A MOTHER.

That living thing that there I see  
In helplessness of infancy,  
Whose feeble form thou oft dost press,  
To thy warm heart with tenderness  
And on whose face thine eyes do dwell,  
As held by some enchanter's spell.  
That lovely thing that there I see,  
In innocence of infancy,  
Fond mother to thy heart may bring  
Solace most sweet, or poignant sting ;  
Then lift thy soul to God in pray'r  
That thy sweet babe may be His care,  
That in his heart the Spirit's grace,  
May early have a dwelling place ;  
Ask not for honours, nor for wealth,  
But ask for life's choice blessing, health ;  
And ask that thy dear child may live,  
When all that this vain world can give,  
Has like a shadow pass'd away,  
And earth itself has known decay,  
That he may live with God above,  
And tell the wonders of His love.

## LIX.

## THOUGHTS ON HIGH THINGS.

Those mighty hosts who dwell in light  
Beneath Jehovah's smile so bright  
Eternally secure,  
Forsaking ne'er the source of bliss  
Of wisdom deep can never miss  
Nor fail of joys most pure.

But we, alas, who dwell in clay  
From this pure source hath turn'd away  
And all its streams eschew'd ;  
And though our fathers oft have told  
That broken cisterns nought could hold,  
Such cisterns we have hew'd.

Wormwood and gall, remorse and pain,  
Are the sad fruits we mortals gain  
By these our toils misspent,  
Waters of Marah here we drink  
And then in endless sorrows sink  
Unless God's grace prevent. •

“God’s grace prevent”! How sweet the thought  
That some of Adam’s race are brought  
From depths of sin so low,  
Are brought in realms of bliss to live  
Where they the great Jehovah give  
The homage which they owe?

Pure angels always serve and love  
The God who dwells in light above,  
Beneath his smile they dwell,  
And yet methinks those songs of praise  
Which their bright choirs are wont to raise,  
Cannot our own excel.

They see the Lamb upon his throne  
Array’d in glory his alone,  
Before his throne they bend :  
They see their God our nature wear,  
They see the church triumphant near  
Their Everlasting Friend.

And yet for them no blood was shed,  
For them the Lamb ne’er bow’d his head,  
For them ne’er felt distress ;  
For man alone he man became,  
For man alone he bears this name  
“The Lord our Righteousness”!

Thus, when a sinner sav'd by grace  
In glory takes his destin'd place,  
The song he then will sing  
Will bear in ev'ry tuneful sound  
A note of gratitude profound,  
Which none but man can bring.

## LX.

"HAVE MERCY UPON ME, O LORD, FOR I AM  
WEAK, O LORD, HEAL ME, FOR MY BONES ARE VEXED."

Psalm vi. 2.

Mercy, O Lord, is all I crave,  
Mercy, a guilty soul to save,  
Mercy, a captive to release,  
Mercy, to give my conscience peace,  
Mercy, my pardon there to seal,  
Mercy, thy mercy to reveal.  
Mercy to soothe affliction's smart,  
Mercy to quench the tempter's dart,  
Mercy to calm a troubled breast,  
Mercy to give the weary rest,  
Mercy my wand'ring thoughts to stay,  
Mercy to choose and cheer my way,

Mercy to know that mercy's grace,  
Mercy reveals in Jesu's face,  
Mercy to bring that Saviour near,  
Mercy his glorious robe to wear,  
Mercy to see his form divine,  
Mercy to feel his love is mine,  
Mercy to know his work complete,  
Mercy to love his mercy seat.  
Mercy unwearied there to wait,  
Mercy myself and sin to hate,  
Mercy beside his cross to weep,  
Mercy his law of love to keep,  
Mercy to lift his cross on high,  
Mercy to say behold or die.  
Mercy in him the truth to speak,  
Mercy in him to cheer the weak,  
Mercy poor wand'ring souls to tell,  
Mercy in him can save from hell,  
Mercy to call the Saviour God,  
Mercy to bear his cross and rod,  
Mercy to call him David's son,  
Mercy to share the prize he won,  
Mercy to glory in his cross,  
Mercy to count all else but loss,  
Mercy in trouble to find him near,  
Mercy in death his voice to hear,  
Mercy that when that strife is o'er,  
Mercy and I may part no more.

## LXI.

## SERIOUS THOUGHTS.

Had God his throne in ev'ry breast,  
How pure, how tranquil, and how blest  
Would Adam's children be !  
Nor scornful glance, nor lofty mien,  
In prince or subject would be seen,  
Man's grace, humility.

The din of war we ne'er should hear,  
But man to man as brother dear,  
Would live in peace secure ;  
Each human breast with love would glow,  
To God above and man below,  
With love most firm, most pure.

Before Jehovah all would bend,  
Him their Creator, Father, Friend,  
All hearts and tongues would call ;  
As with one soul, one song of praise,  
To him earth's family would raise,  
To him, great Lord of all.

Methinks, my soul, if such were life,  
So free from envy, pride, and strife,  
I ne'er should wish to die ;  
Methinks where'er my steps should roam,  
Warm hearts would meet me, and a home,  
Without one tear or sigh.

*Such is not life !* for were it so,  
From its bright sunshine who would go ?  
Who then with willing mind  
Would quit a world where bliss was found,  
A world which did with peace abound,  
A brighter world to find ?

*Such is not life !* Sin, cursed sin,  
A dwelling has all hearts within,  
Sin taints all mortal breath ;  
Sin haunts our streets, invades our homes,  
And in our wand'rings with us roams,  
Nor quits us until death.

And even then not all can say,  
Sin from my soul is far away,  
With my frail flesh it died ;  
Some men, alas, to judgment go,  
Bound in their sins, then sink in woe,  
Still, still to sin allied.



Yet, from the ills which sin has wrought,  
Great glory has Jehovah brought,  
To his most wond'rous name ;  
In that bright crown which Jesus wears,  
Each wond'rous attribute appears,  
More bright than Sinai's flame !

Mercy and Truth with smile most sweet,  
And Justice with her claims complete,  
And Peace with loving face,  
Invite the sinner to behold  
Jesus more precious far than gold,  
And Jesus to embrace.

Then say, my soul, before that hour,  
When death shall come with solemn pow'r,  
Thy house of clay to claim ;  
Is sin a hateful thing to thee,  
And art thou from its curse made free  
By faith in Jesu's name ?

Faith in his word the soul secures  
From second death which he endures,  
Who dies to sin a slave :  
Faith smiles at death and strips that king  
Of all his terrors and his sting,  
And triumphs o'er the grave.

By faith the weary pilgrim walks,  
Leans on Christ's strength and with him talks,  
    To him by faith ascends ;  
By faith he wrestles, fights and wins,  
'Midst conflicts sore, faith's work begins,  
    In victory it ends.

All sin and sorrow far above,  
Beneath his smile whose name is *Love*,  
    The pilgrim's home will be ;  
Amidst his joys he then will deem  
To know his God, his joy supreme,  
    His chief felicity.

Thee, great Jehovah, triune Lord,  
By Angels and by Saints ador'd,  
    Be it my lot to know ;  
To love thee and to call thee mine  
When brightest suns shall cease to shine,  
    And oceans cease to flow.

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## LXII.

## THE SPOUSE OF CHRIST.

O'er life's sea, where waves of sorrow  
Drown full oft the bold and strong,  
*He* the same to-day, to-morrow,  
Guides his feeble Church along.

Storms and darkness may alarm her,  
Waves may threaten in their pride,  
But no angry waves can harm her,  
With her *Jesus for her Guide*.

His Almighty arm protects her  
'Midst all perils and all foes ;  
His unerring eye directs her  
To her haven of repose.

Not a widow, nor a stranger,  
Cloth'd in sackcloth an alone ;  
But a queen above all danger,  
Near her royal husband's throne.

Clad in robes her state befitting,  
Robes more white than virgin snow ;  
Angels soon shall see her sitting,  
Sin and grief no more to know.

Then of grace the wond'rous story,  
Which to angels she will tell,  
Will, methinks, enhance the glory  
Of that Lord they love so well.

Bliss beyond all thought and measure,  
Bliss eternal and divine ;  
Holy, bright, and heav'nly treasure,  
*Spouse of Christ*, will then be thine !

Feeble now, but then far stronger  
Than the olden giant race ;  
*Spouse of Christ*, thou wilt no longer  
Fear of fiercest foe the face.

Fairest of Jehovah's creatures,  
Nearest thy Redeemer's breast,  
Not one woe can cloud thy features,  
Not one care disturb thy rest.

Safe within thy home supernal,  
From that home thou ne'er wilt stray ;  
Calm and clondless and eternal,  
*Spouse of Christ*, will be thy day !

Friends of Christ, adore, adore him,  
Render to him homage true ;  
Drop a grateful tear before him  
Who here wept and died for you.

He whose love abides for ever,  
Claims a grateful tear from *all*,  
Weep ye now, in heaven never,  
E'en a grateful tear can fall !



### LXIII.

#### THOUGHTS ON THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

None know the sorrows which were thine,  
In this dark world to bear ;  
O Lamb of God, and priest divine,  
To all thy saints so dear.

The scene in sad Gethsemane,  
And on the cross thy cries  
Attest that thy soul's agony,  
All human thought defies.

Jehovah's justice then receiv'd  
The glory which it claims ;  
And love, eternal love, achiev'd  
Its everlasting aims.

In blood, most precious blood was paid  
The debt to justice due ;  
When thou, the eternal Son, wast made  
The priest and victim too.

How wondrous and how vast the love,  
The wisdom and the grace  
Which brought thee, Jesus, from above,  
To save a sinful race.

*" Glory to God, good will to man,"*  
Well might bright angels sing ;  
When thou wast born, in mercy's plan,  
A Saviour and a King.

On man's proud heart there is a veil,  
A veil which now conceals  
The glory of that wond'rous tale,  
Which thy rich love reveals.

This veil, O Lord, vouchsafe to rend  
From hearts I love below ;  
That they may thee, the sinner's friend,  
Be taught on earth to know.

Increase, O Lord, I pray increase,  
The light vouchsaf'd to me ;  
That I in thee, the *Prince of Peace*,  
More loveliness may see.

In thy desertion and distress,  
When dying to atone ;  
Lead me to see sin's sinfulness,  
And trust in thee alone.

Teach me God's glory to behold,  
In thy most lovely face ;  
Teach me to value more than gold,  
The riches of thy grace.

Grey hairs and weakness warning give,  
That fast my moments fly ;  
Grant me, O Lord, on thee to live,  
And then in thee to die.

FINIS.







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